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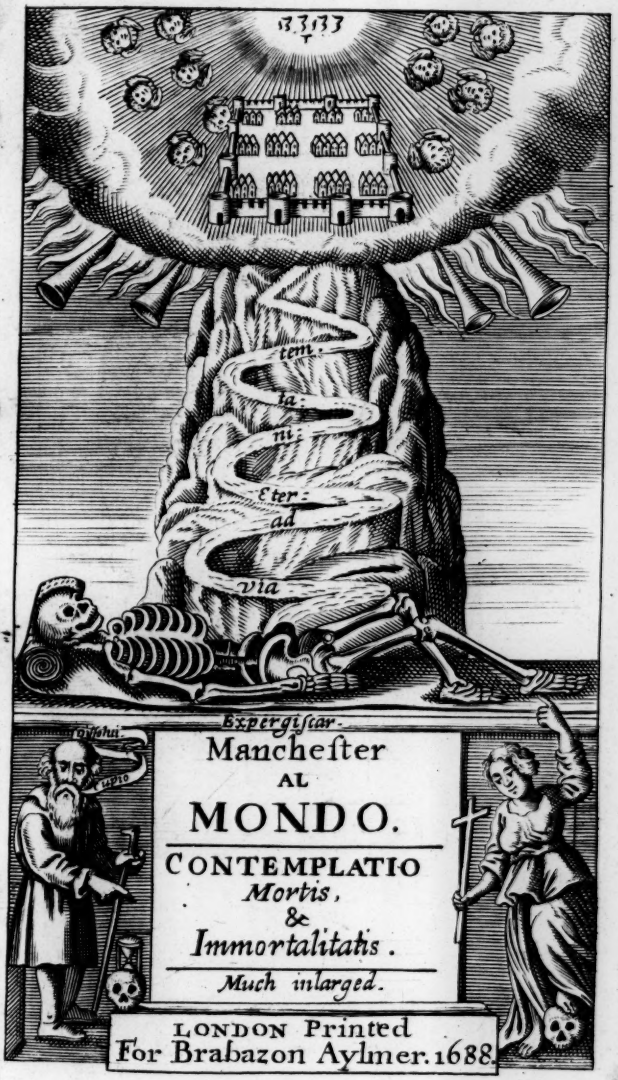
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CONTEMPLATIO
Mortis,
&
Immortalitatis.
Much inlarged.
LONDON Printed
For Brabazon Aylmer. 1688.

MANCHESTER AL MONDO.

Contemplations OF DEATH AND IMMORTALITY.

Very proper to be given at Funerals.

The Fifteenth Edition.

LONDON,
Printed for *Brabazon Aylmer*, at the Three Pigeons against the *Royal Exchange* in *Cornhill*. 1688.

Advertisement to the READER, of a Usefull Design.

IN *printing of this New Edition of* Manchester's *Contemplations of* Death *and* Immortality, *it may not be amiss to premise something by way of Advertisement to the Reader, and therein to give some account of the Honourable and Worthy Author of it. He was a Person of Noble Birth, created Earl of* Manchester *by King* Charles *the First, and had the honour to serve that Royal Prince of ever blessed memory in Offices of great Trust; as namely, Lord Privy Seal, President, and One of the Lords of his Majesty's most honourable Privy Council. And yet although he was engaged in such Publick Affairs (which too often divert Great men from a Religious course) such was his Piety and Devotion towards God, that he spent a great part of his time in holy and devout Contemplations upon the things of another Life, as this excellent Treatise of his sufficiently shews. His great care was so to fit and prepare himself for a happy Death whilst in this world, that after this life ended he might enjoy eternal happiness in that which is to come. Let us then imitate so great a Pattern of Piety, that we may not miss of the good end to which he aimed at and design'd, which if we be carefull of, will make us happy and that to all eternity.*

And certainly nothing can more conduce to our eternal welfare, and to put us in mind of mortality, than Books of this kind: and to the end they may be more profitable and usefull to Christians, it were to be wished that this or some other Books of the like subject might be given at Funerals instead of Rings, Gloves, Biskets, Wine, &c. *For Reading and Me-*

ditation would be much more decent at such Solemnities than Eating and Drinking and putting on of Ornaments. Books of this Subject would make the people mind the present instance of Mortality, and affect them with devout Meditations thereon. How sad is it to consider the unsuitable carriage of a great many Christians at Funerals! those opportunities are usually spent in unprofitable chat, in eating and drinking, and that sometimes to excess; so that the house of mourning is turn'd into a house of mirth and feasting. Many have put in practice this usefull design, which if it were more general the good effect thereof would be soon discern'd in the lives of Christians. It may fitly be said of a Book given at Funerals as divine Herbert *says of a Verse,* (Viz.)

A Book may find him who a Sermon flies,
And turn a Gift into a Sacrifice.

All serious practical Books are proper for this Design. As, Bibles in all Volumes.

The Whole Duty of Man, and the several Works of that worthy Author.

Bishop *Taylor's* Holy Living and Dying.

The Practice of Piety.

Dr. *Bates* of Death and Judgment.

—— His Final Happiness of Man.

—— His great Duty of Resignation.

Several Books of Mr. *Richard Baxter's.*

Mr. *Pearse's* Preparation for Death.

The Mirrour which Flatters not.

With many others in all Volumes and of all Prizes: which if bound in Black with a Cypher of Mortality on the Cover will be very decent: and some memorables of the Life of the Deceased (if desired) may be printed in a Leaf and bound with it.

Contem-

Contemplations

OF

Death and *Immortality.*

Philoſophers, *Stateſmen* and *Divines*, do all hold, that in this world there are but *three kinds of life*; one *Active*, the other *Contemplative*, the third *Voluptuous*.

Which of theſe is beſt, is the Queſtion. *Action* void of contemplation is an unpoliſh'd or rude life: *Contemplation*, if it take up all a man's time, makes *a barren life*. A *Voluptuous life*, though it be not idle, becauſe it is in act; yet, it is but an *idle occupation*.

Amongſt theſe, who ſo tries all (as I have done) ſhall find, that *Action* profits moſt, but *Contemplation* pleaſes beſt: eſpecially that which indebts a man to action. Other Contemplations have *a long generation*, *a ſhort enjoyment*; are ſo much in thinking, as they ſeldom come to enjoying; always in *Conceit*, never in *Act*.

When Christ was to suffer, *Misit CHRISTUS* Petrum & Johannem, *ad parandum Pascha:* Petrus, *bonam Actionem*; Johannes, *devotam significat Contemplationem.* He sent *Peter* and *John*, to prepare the Passover: By the first [*Peter*,] good Action may be conceived; by the other, [*John*,] devout Contemplation.

Man was not made for Contemplation only; his part is to Doe, as well as Understand; *In earthly things* to be an *Actor*, *Of heavenly things* to be a *Spectator.* Therefore his felicity consists neither in rest nor action, but in a fit mixture of both.

Some use Contemplation for a Remedy; it seeming to make their minds ascend, when their fortunes descend.

The Counsellor saith, A Statesman should be thus *repartited:* his will to God, his love to his Master, his heart to his Countrey, his secret to his Friend, and his time to Business.

It is true, Retiredness is more safe than Business; for, *Periclitatur anima in negotiis: The soul is endangered by* many *employments:* And yet, the less you do, the more you suffer. But as he is not happy that is always busie; so a publick man should not always be shut up in thoughts, pleasing his life

life in the sweetness of thinking. Finely saith Saint *Augustine*, Reading without meditation is dry; Meditation without reading, erroneous, and Prayer also without meditation, but cold.

Lectio sine meditatione, arida est: Meditatio sine lectione, erronea est: Oratio sine meditatione tepida est.

True Contemplation hates idle Speculation. To be always, or never alone, is idleness. But

The delight of Thoughts, and vertue of Contemplation, lies in the right choice of a good subject to contemplate: For every knowing man is so inquisitive by nature, and of so busie a fancy, as in this it is happy for him to fall upon that subject which is fittest for him.

Some ancient Fathers, and some late Writers, have fixed upon *the Love of God*; Some, upon *the Passion of Christ*; Some, upon *the Joys of Heaven*; Some, upon *Contempt of the World*; several others, upon divers other subjects: All opining, that some one is to be chosen. For whoso will *live to himself*, must be *at leisure for God*. And a wise man saith, *Wisedom is to be written in time of leasure:*

Vivere sibi.

Vacare Deo.

leasure: Whoever is lessen'd by work; he cannot tend it.

I being in my accustomed retiredness, disengaged from publick affairs (which was but seldom) found it usefull, fruitfull and delightfull, *To bestow my thoughts upon my latter end.*

There be four last things, say the Fathers, *Heaven, Hell, Death* and *Judgment.*

All Subjects large enough.

But considering I had passed so much Employment, so many Offices, so long Practice in several professions (as every publick man is owing his abilities, cares and years, to the service of his Master;) I now thought it time to seize on *Death*, before it seiz'd on me: *Lord, teach me to number my days, that I may apply my Heart to Wisedom.*

After long meditation, this I found, that when Meditation had begotten Devotion, then it applyed it self to Contemplation; which required a settlement upon some Divine Object.

And what more heavenly than the thought of *Immortality?* What so necessary as the thought of *Death?* Herein therefore I complyed with my own desires, and made

made choice of *Death* and *Immortality* for the Subject of my Contemplation.

Meditation, I saw, was but a reiterated thought, proper to production of good or evil; but Divines do well dedicate *Contemplation* to holy Mysteries onely.

We *meditate* to know God, we *contemplate* to love God. When God himself had seen the things created in several pieces, he said, *They were good*; But when he considered the Universe, as it were in contemplation, then he said, *Loe, they were exceeding good.* For *Meditation* considers her objects piece by piece, but *Contemplation* sums them all together; and sets, as in a glass, all the several beauties of Meditation's objects.

Meditation is, with a man, as he that smells the Violet, the Rose, the Jessamy, and the Orange-flowers dividually: [*My Meditations of the Lord are sweet*, of themselves) saith *David*:] but *Contemplation* is a water compounded of them all.

This is more elegantly denoted in the *Canticles*: where the Spouse plaits up her hair [*trussing it up in one knot*,] to shew that we should not diffuse our thoughts into variety of Considerations, but recollect them into one by Contemplation. Herewith a

man's ſoul being once affected, hardly ſhall he obtain leave of his thoughts to return again to employments.

And leſt I, buſied about many things, ſhould remain unknow unto my ſelf; (for the old word is a true one, *Neither things read, or underſtood, profit him at all, who does not both reade and know himſelf:*)

Nil proſunt lecta nec intellecta; niſi teipſum legas, & intelligas.

I therefore applyed my ſelf [*Ad meum noviſſimum*, to my laſt thing,] *What man liveth, and ſhall not ſee death?* And if, after death, *The righteous ſhall ſcarcely be ſaved*, we may well be *fearfull*, and had need be *carefull*, that we be not taken unprepared. *Go ye unprepared into the place prepared for you*, will one day be a dolefull ſaying.

When I was a young man (ſaith *Seneca*) my care was to live well, I then practiſed *the art of well-living*. When age came upon me, I then ſtudied *the art of dying well*; how to die well.

Artem bene Vivendi.
Artem bene moriendi.

It is true, *The journey of life appears not to buſie men untill the end.* Yet when I was moſt buſie of all, *I delighted my ſelf with this comfort, that a time would come, wherein I might live to my ſelf*, hoping to have ſweet leiſure to enjoy my ſelf at laſt. And

And this I am now come to, *by diſpoſing, not by changing my ſelf.*

The Covenant of the grave is ſhewed to no man, ſaith the Wiſe-man; but the watch-word is given to all men. *Let your loins be girt up, your lamps burning, always watching.*

Sint lumbi præcincti. Lucerna ardentes: Semper vigilantes.

Lord, let me be found in this poſture, when I ſhall be to die.

In the courſes of my life I have had interchanges: the world it ſelf ſtands upon viciſſitudes: *Adverſis & proſperis contexuit Deus vitam meam: God hath interwoven my life with adverſity and proſperity.* When I firſt took me to a Gown, I put on this thought; *I deſire a fortune like my Gown, not long, but fit*; fit for my condition; finding by others, that a contented kind of obſcurity keeps a man free from envy. Although any kind of ſuperiority be a mark of envy; yet, Not to be ſo high, as to provoke an ill eye, nor ſo low as to be trodden on, was the height of my Ambition. But I muſt confeſs, I have ſince had a greater portion of the world's favour than I looked for: nevertheleſs, *I never*

Fortunam ut tegam appeto, non longam ſed concinnam.

gave

gave trust to fortune, although she seemed to be at peace with me.

To check repining at those above me, I always looked at those below me; nor did any preferments so delight me, or abuse me, as to make me neglect preparing for my dying day.

Domine, Paratum est cor meum.

And now, I thank God, I can say, *O Lord, my heart is ready.* This I have considered, *that life flows away by hours and days, as it were by drops.* And although the hour be not past till all the glass be run; and *no man can spill much by such a distillation*: Yet the glass runs then most faintly, when it draws neareſt to effluxion.

Guttatim, per horas & dies, fluit vita.

Nemo multum ex sibilicidio potest perdere.

Careſull *Martha* was full, buſie about many things: but was well adviſed by Christ, *There was onely one thing necessary.*

One thing have I desired of the Lord, that I may dwell in his House for ever; This was *David's unum*, his one thing, and, God willing, shall be mine.

Vita brevis, Ars longa, Ars optima est vivendo discere artem bene moriendi.

Physicians exclaim, That life is short, but Art is long; but Divines teach,

teach, that, *the best Art is, to learn by living, the Art of well dying.*

If this be to be begun when death is at the door, Then the sin-sick Soul will say, *O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?* But if thou hast learned it betimes, it will then rejoyce thee to say; *To me to live is Christ, to die is gain.*

Welcome Death, more blessed than my Birth. In the whole course of my life I have ever thought the right way *To die well*, was *to live well*; And the way to live well in the World, was to die betimes to the World.

The World is crucified to me, and I unto the World; yet I found it an hard matter to live in the World, and despise the World's good things. Therefore, for assistants, I took to me these three Coadjutors, *Faith, Hope, Charity*; Love out of a pure heart, Hope out of a good conscience, and Faith not feigned; *Charitatem ex corde puro; Spem ex conscientiâ bonâ; Fidem non fictam.* and for my soul's health often used this preparative, the examination of my conscience.

For whosoever desireth his own salvation, let him every day, morning and evening, examine his heart, what either in the

the night or day going before, hath he thought, hath he ſaid, hath he done: And in whatſoever he ſhall find the ſpot of any ſin, let him mend it; with an effectual purpoſe to ſin no more.

This, if it be done daily, I dare boldly ſay, *It ſhall hardly be, that ſuch an one ſhall either ſin at his death, or dye in his ſin.*

Vix fieri poterit, ut quis moriendo peccet, aut peccando moriatur.

Inter, Amidſt theſe thoughts, I had theſe things in contemplation.

1. *Firſt, What Death was, and the kinds of Death.*

2. *Secondly, What fears or joys Death brings.*

3. Thirdly, *When Death is to be prepared for*, and *How*.

4. Fourthly, *Death approaching, what our laſt thoughts ſhould be.*

Of theſe things I thus reſolved,

That Death was but a fall, which came by a Fall. Our Firſt-framed-father *Adam* falling, in him we all fell. It was not the man, but mankind. *Cecidimus omnes ſuper acerbum lapidem in luto, unde inquinati & vulnerati ſumus: We all fell*, ſaith Saint *Bernard, upon a ſharp ſtone covered with dirt, by*

by which we were both wounded and defiled; Therefore we needed water in Baptiſm to waſh us, Bloud in the Euchariſt to heal us; water of Regeneration in Bloud of Expiation. Nature's perfection caught a fall when ſhe was young, as *Mephiboſheth* did, whereof ſhe hath halted ever ſince.

This Falling ſickneſs infected not onely the Perſon, but the Nature (ſuch is the infection of evil, always worſe than the act) making man, who was immortal, ſubject to Death. *Ah ſad and wofull change!*

Notwithſtanding, as we now ſtand, the fault is ours, if that Fall be not our Riſe; the advantage we have by *Chriſt*, being more than the loſs we had by *Adam*: *Redemption* imports *emption*, and a buying back of that which we had loſt. Wherefore, Man who had cauſe to ſorrow that he was man, may now be holily proud of his condition; and, as he is in Chriſt, not to change the Man for the Angel.

Proud Nature would fain re-aſpire to that it was. *Therefore, let him that ſtandeth take heed leſt he fall*: for, Re- *Ideo qui ſtat videat ne cadat.*

lapſe may turn us again to be as Birds and Beaſts, who have no joy but Being, no ſorrow but Dying. Man's better being is by dying;

dying; for when man had made himself miserable by sinning, Mercy made him mortal, lest he should be miserable for ever. Therefore we have reason to account mercy, as it relieves misery, to be the best virtue, though it work upon the worst object: *Mercy dwells nigh to Misery.*

There is mercy with thee, O Lord, that thou mayest be feared, saith the Prophet *David.*

What Death is, and the Kinds of Death.

TO dye is, To be no more unhappy. If we consider Death aright, *It is but a departed breath from dead earth, enlivened at first by breath cast upon it.* Death is a Moth, saith *Job.* The Moth breeds out of the garment, Death out of the Body.

Death is but a point of time, interjected between two extreams. A Parenthesis, which (interposed) breaks no sense, when the words meet again. When *Seneca* was asked, What is Death? he answered, *'Tis either the end, or the passage,* to Dye or to sin, is not Power but Impotency. The Emperor *Adrian*

Quid est Mors? Aut finis est, aut transitus.

Adrian was told, *Death is an eternal sleep; the fear of rich men, the desire of poor men.* *Plato* said, *It was Natures law, Mortality's Tribute.* One terms it to be, but the cessation of the soul's functions. Oh (saith Saint *Augustine*) *that I could see Death*, not as it was, but as thou, Lord, hast now made it! As it hath the dominion of sin, it is the greatest Monarch, and the ancientest King of the World: *Death hath reigned from Adam to Moses*, saith Saint *Paul*, yet at last this King shall be conquered: *The last enemy to be destroyed is Death. O Death, I will be thy death*, saith Christ.

Lex Naturæ, tributum mortalium.

The Nature of Death.

WHAT is the Nature of Death few know, though all shall feel it. But that must needs be nothing that hath no cause, efficient, but deficient; *There is nothing after death, and death it self is nothing.* It hath no essence; it is no substance, but a privation; no creature, but the burial of the creature. Therefore,

Post mortem nihil est, ipsaque mors nihil est.

Curiously

Curiouſly to ſearch the efficient of it, were to labour the eye to ſee darkneſs; *God made it not*, ſaith the Book of *Wiſedom*, *nor is it mentioned as any of his Works.* God that made all things, ſaw that all things, which he had made were good. Every thing that hath a Being, is good; and every good thing hath a being. Therefore good St. *Auguſtine* ſaid finely, *Lord, thou haſt not made Death; wherefore I beſeech thee ſuffer not that which thou haſt not made, to reign over that which thou haſt made.* Yet it is no error to ſay, that Man made Death: for, Curioſity (the itch of Man's ſoul) affecting to know that which God never made (which was the evil of Death) thinking it had been good to know evil; by deſiring to know it, made it: *Evil is not known but by good.*

Omne ens bonum eſt; & Omne Bonum eſt ens.

Malum non dignoſcitur, niſi per bonum.

Natural death is the ſeparation of the Soul from the Body, common unto the good with the bad: for it is a ſtatute-law decreed in the great Parliament of Heaven, *That all men ſhall once die, foraſmuch as all men have ſinned.* Hence it is, that many are ſick and weak, and die. All men, even the deareſt Children of God, (albeit

(albeit their ſins be forgiven) ſhall taſte of the firſt Death; but it is not a curſe, but rather a bleſſing unto them. It is true, that death in it ſelf (and to the reprobate-wicked) is the curſe of God, the very Suburbs of Hell, and, as it is called here, *The* (Stipend or) *wages of Sin.* Neither is it unjuſt dealing in God, that he ſhould incur the death of his body, who rejected the life of his Soul. But conſidered in Chriſt, and joyned with a good life, to God's elect it is Advantage: nothing elſe but a Bridge, whereby we ſhall paſs from a Valley of Tears, into a Paradiſe of Joys. According to that of *Solomon*, Eccleſ. 7 3. *The day of Death is better than the day that one is born in.*

He that knew all other things, knew not this one thing, that he knew enough. But ſo divine a thing is Knowledge, (which is not given to keep, but to impart) that we ſee Innocency it ſelf was ambitious of it. Life did not content, (that was thought but the act of knowledge) knowledge was the life the ſoul looked at. And that, as yet, it begets a ſtudious ſcrutiny to diſcover things we can never know. By which we ſee, that although Nature her ſelf be moderate in her deſires, yet conceit is unſatiable.

ble. Man's brain will never leave working, till his pulse leaves beating; nevertheless, no Man *knows* too much, but it is through ignorance that he *doth* so ill: for, *Nemo sciens, malus est: No man that understands, can be evil*: and, as one saith well, There is now no fear of knowing too much: But there is much fear of practising too little. Man is the Son of Desires; but since God hath revealed More than we can know, and Enough to make us happy; let us learn sober knowledge, and contented ignorance. Knowledge and Power are the natural man's God; but *know thyself, O man!* and then be proud if thou canst.

The Author of Death.

WHO then was the Author of Death? There are two great Regents in the World: (*Sol, in Cœlo*;) *The Sun in Heaven*: (*Sal, in Terrâ*;) *Salt in the Earth*: yet neither of these produced it. Who ever was the Father of it, Sin was the Mother, for, saith St. *James*, *Sin being finished, travelleth in Child-birth*, like a Mother, *to bring forth Death*; Our Grand-mother *Evah*, so named, as Mother of the living, yet

yet was brought to bed of Death. *Adam* falling, sin follows him: Man being tempted, Death attempts him, and by Sin Death enters. Every Father is an *Adam* to his Child, conveying corruption in his generation.

Good Saint *Augustine* puts to the Devil this question; *O Satan! Why, being fallen thyself, didst thou envy Man that he should stand?* Death had no interest in Man, till Sin had dispossessed him of the Free-hold he had in God. *There was no trust in God's Servants*, saith *Eliphaz*, but even Angels were charged with folly.

Satan, quare invidisti homini, stanti, te cadente?

Therefore, do the Devil right; he did but perswade, not compel: it was in Man's choice to stand or fall.

Adam had received a power to do what he would, but not a will to do what he might; we have received both power to do what we will, and to will what we are able. He a power not to die, we a power not but to dye. So, Saint *Augustine*.

Adam acceperat, posse quod vellet, non velle quod posset: Nos accepimus, & posse quod volumus, & velle quod possumus. Ille posse non mori, nos non posse non mori. Sic Augustinus.

Power of standing, Man had from God, but

but poſſibility of falling from himſelf. Therefore, though we may thank our firſt Parents for our birth-ſin; yet we may thank our ſelves for our improving it. Wherefore the old *Litany* ſaid well, *O Lord, ſave me from my ſelf.* *A me ſalva me, Domine.*

All Man's virtues were given him but in truſt, and under a condition; he abuſed the truſt, and brake the condition, ſo incurred the penalty. Such is Man's nature, ever ſubject to extremity; either dull in want, or wanton in fruition. *Leſt ye dye*, was a fair warning, but he cared not for it. With Men, counſels are like faces; that which is fair, pleaſes. But, had the Mind governed the Eye, the Apple could not have beguiled, though it was fair to look to.

The proud aſpiring thought was hatcht in Man. The Devil was the promoter, Sin was the Author, and we being partners in the ſin, ſhared in the puniſhment. *Facinus, quos inquinat, æquat: Sin equals whom it polluteth.*

Sith then Death by Sin ſtole in at the window of the Eye; (for the Eye, that ſenſe of love, always recoils upon the heart, when it beholds that which is pleaſing) or rather at the Ear, which is apt to liſten to all

all ill counſel: Let us caſt out Sin by the ears, the ſenſe of Faith, in hearkening to God's Word, the Word of life, the life of Death.

The name of Death.

FOR the name of Death, our Saviour calls it, A ſleep, our friend *Lazarus* ſleepeth. Of St. *Stephen* it was ſaid, *When he had thus ſpoken he ſlept.*

Amicus noſter Lazarus dormit. Joh. 11. 11.

The *Patriarchs* and Kings of *Judah*, are ſaid to *ſleep with their Fathers. Man* (ſaith *Job*) *lieth down and riſeth not. He ſhall not be awaked out of his ſleep, till the heavens be no more: Tranſitum ad vitam, aliqui appellant mortem: Some call the paſſages to life, death*, ſaith St. *Bernard:* But therefore does Scripture call them *Men aſleep*, that they may not deſpair to awake: *He is not dead*, ſaith *David*, *but ſleepeth, whoſe fleſh doth reſt in hope.*

Sed ideò Scriptura dormientes appellat, ut evigilaturos minimè deſperemus.

Death is but a dormitory for a day. Saint *Paul*'s myſtery is, *We ſhall not all ſleep; but ſhall all be changed.* The night ſavours of mortality;

mortality; & ſleep, that ſhort death, is but the ſhadow of death; and where the ſhadow is, the body cannot be far off; *Umbra fugit ſequentem, ſequitur fugientem. Acquiritur terra procumbentibus. The ſhadow flies him that follows it, follows him that flies it. The Earth is obtained by them that fall down upon it.*

Mors brevis.

Well, ſaid S. *Auguſtine*, (b) *The righteous Watch in Life, therefore they are ſaid to ſleep in Death.*

b *In vitâ vigilant juſti, ideò in morte dicuntur dormire.*

When God made a helper unto Man, He ſent a dead ſleep upon him. (c) *The ſleep of the ſick we know is a ſign of Health.* It is Chriſt's ſaying, *If he ſleep he ſhall do well.*

c *Somnium ægrotantium ut novimus, ſalutis eſt indicium.*

But, let it be Death, ſo called, from Devouring, which our firſt Parents taſted; or, *Mors à morâ: Death from delay*, which yet tarries not for us, though ſhe wait for us; let her be ſtiled Lady, Miſtreſs of the world, who will not be courted, nor yet caſt off: Yet is ſhe but a voice only, a thing next to nothing, to be feared only for the ſound.

Vox tantum mors eſt, ſola timenda ſono.

It is better called a Tranſfiguration or Tranſmigration from one

one life to another: A departure, not a paſſage: *Tranſitus, quem tranſire non intelligimus, tranſiiſſe ſentimus: A paſſage which we feel gone, but not going.* As the day goeth away, and the ſhadows of the evening are ſtretched out; ſo paſſeth away my Life, even like a vapour that appeareth for a little time.

The Grave grieves me not, becauſe it was my Lord's bed; it is the houſe appointed for the living; It is but a with-drawing Room, to retire in for a while; a going to bed to take Reſt ſweeter than ſleep. And when it is time to riſe, *When I awake, then ſhall I be ſatisfied with thy likeneſs*, ſaith the Prophet *David*.

Death common to all.

IN the mean time Death is common to all. *Mors etiam Saxis, Nominibuſque venit: Death ſeiſeth upon even Stones themſelves and Names.* All men muſt pay this debt to Nature, though they cannot pay their Creditors. It is a favour afforded by Nature, that what ſhe made moſt grievous, ſhe hath made common; *Quod graviſſimum fecit, fecit commune; ut crudelitatem*

faci, consolaretur æqualitas. that the equality of fate might comfort the cruelty of it. At the first minute of thy life thou wert condemned to die; ever since, thou hast been led towards thy execution; thou art not far from the place: Say to thy Soul, Arise out of thy bed of sloth, and watch over thy self, look on the Pale Horse, and her that sits thereon, whose name is Death. Provide that thou be not suddenly surprised, and die before thou begin to live. *Who lives and shall not see death?* Only Virtue stands exempt from death.

The life of Man is but th' imperfect Story
Of his adventure towards future Glory:
For death to finish, who will stick to say,
A glorious Eve foretells a glorious Day.

The Fathers have eaten Manna, and are dead: Nay, even *Christ* himself, *being found in fashion as a Man, humbled himself, and became obedient unto death.* It is as natural to die, as to be born; yet when we say a man dies naturally, we speak improperly, for a man dies not as a beast, by an annihilation of Nature, but by a Law, not by chance, course of Nature, nor influence of Stars, but

but then and therefore, becauſe it is ſo appointed: *It is appointed for all, once to die.* *Diſeaſes* and *Death* know no faces; in the grave all look alike; *Lazarus*'s ſores will make as good duſt as *Jezebel*'s paint. It is the municipal Law of Earth, to die once; of Heaven to live for ever; of Hell, to die for ever. We are born, we die. Like *Jonah*'s Gourd, we come up in a night, and are gone in a night; we come into the world with a ſheet about us, no ſooner born, but going to be buried. *Seneca* ſays, truly, *We are born crying, we live laughing, and die ſighing.* Death unto the man of this World is moſt bitter, but unto the man of God it is advantage; wherefore the Martyrs & holy Confeſſors in old time reputed the day of their Death, their Birthday; *Bleſſed are they that die in the Lord, even ſo ſaith the ſpirit, for they reſt from their labours, and their works follow them.*

For all this, Man is even with Death. *To ſtay in the body is never deſired by any great Wits:* the good ſoul *endures theſe ſtreights with trouble.* Therefore what great thing doth Death in haſtening diſſolution? This ſhews infirmity rather than power. Age doth more. For, *There is nothing which*

Nunquam enim magnis ingeniis chara in corpore mora eſt.

Nihil non longa demolitur vetuſtas.

length of time doth not diminish. Death onely shortens time, not life; for Life's time shortens by lengthening, *Morimur, quòd mortibus vivimus. Morieris; non quia ægrotas, sed quia vivis. We dye, because we live by dying:* and, *Thou shalt die, not because thou art sick, but because thou livest.*

But this all men are to know, that there is nothing more certain than death, nothing more uncertain than the time of dying; I will be prepared for that at all times which may come at any time: I shall not hasten my death by being still ready; but sweeten it, it makes me not die the sooner, but the better, *Job* 30. 23. Surely, *I know that thou wilt bring me to Death, and to the house appointed for all living.*

Life is but a dying Death.

THE *Life of a Christian is or should be a continual meditation of death.*

Sith then it is a Statute made in Heaven for all once to die, and that life is so momentany, death so certain, *shine we never so bright, yet alas, glassy bodies as we are,* how quickly

Splendemus licèt, Heu quàm cito frangimur, corpora vitrea!

quickly are we broken! Man, ſaith the Prophet *Jeremy*, fades like a leaf, and ſin like a wind takes him away. Be the time of Man's reprieve never ſo long, die he muſt. And ſince life it ſelf is no true living, but a dying Being, and ſuch a Being, as every day pants for Breath, which Nature fans upon it for a while; and ſince death is no death, but a going unto Heaven, and Heaven's coming unto us; a departure, not a death: How can a man but think it a well-ſpent life, always to be meditating upon Death? Seeing *his days are determined, the number of his months are with thee, thou haſt appointed his bounds that he cannot paſs.*

But, ſaith *Xenophon*, *Why doſt thou think life is to be contemned, and yet loveſt life?* I will not enquire, nor require more of Death, but Death. *Erras qui interrogas, quid ſit Mors, & Propter quod mortem petam? Quæris enim aliquid ſupra ſummum. Thou art deceived who askeſt, What is Death, and Why am I to deſire Death? for thou ſeekeſt ſomething beyond the furtheſt.*

Cur vitam contemnendam putas, & aves?

This I am ſure of, All man's happineſs here, is his Holineſs; and his Holineſs ſhall hereafter be his Happineſs.

O Father of Mercies! which art willing all men ſhould be ſaved; exclude me not, I beſeech thee, from thy Love and Favour, but ever guide me with thy Spirit in thy ways unto thy Kingdom, that I may ſhun daily more and more pride of life, luſt of the fleſh, immoderate cares. Lord, I am poor in merit, but thou art rich in mercy; feeble but thou art my ſtrength; halt, but thou canſt direct my ſteps, make me to tread in thy paths uprightly; blind, but thou art the light of the World: ſweet Jeſu draw me, that I may come unto thee, and run after thee; that I may taſte in this life thy Grace and be filled in the next with thy Glory, Amen.

Life after Death.

BUT if a Man die, ſhall he live again? Yes, ſaith St. *Paul*, *We that are in this Tabernacle, ſigh and are burthened, becauſe we would not be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be ſwallowed up of life.*

Death did not ſtrike *Adam* the firſt ſinfull man, nor *Cain* the firſt Hypocrite, but *Abel* the Innocent and Righteous. The firſt ſoul that met with Death overcame Death: The firſt ſoul that parted from Earth, went

to

to Heaven. Death argues no diſpleaſure; becauſe he whom God loveth beſt, dies firſt, and the Murtherer is puniſhed with Living.

——— *Sponte crematur* ;
Ut redeat : proprioque ſolet pubeſcere lætho.

——— *The Phœnix freely burns,*
And by her own death to new youth returns ;
So do thou learn unforced to reſign (*ſhine.*
Thy body, whoſe chain'd ſhape ſhall brighter

The brighteſt days die into dark nights, but riſe again a mornings. Though the body ſleep a while in duſt, yet ſhall it riſe again after God's likeneſs. *As for me*, ſaith *David*, *I will behold thy face in righteouſneſs*; *and I ſhall be ſatisfied when I awake with thy likeneſs.* And thus ſaith holy *Job*, *Though my fleſh be all conſumed to bones*, yet thy Spirit blowing on dead bones, can revive them and couple them again with ſinews, and cloath them with fleſh. The ſoul which *departed for a ſeaſon*, ſhall, as St. *Paul* ſaid of *Oneſimus*, come again, and be received for ever. The grain caſt into the earth after a Froſt-biting, comes up the fairer. That body which *was ſown a natural body*, *ſhall*

riſe a ſpiritual. Sow in tears, reap in joy: Whoſo goeth forth weeping, carrying precious ſeed, ſhall return with joy, and bring their ſheaves with them.

Thus we ſee God will be in no Man's debt: ſeek God, and proſper.

Here we live but a ſhort day, *Give us this day our daily bread*; but hereafter in the world to come, we ſhall have days, and thoſe good days and great days, even ſuch as have no night.

Caro iſta pulvis erit.

Yet for all this, *This clod of Earth muſt lie a while in duſt, but it ſhall riſe again at laſt*, as a *Queen's Daughter, all glorious within.* For if, in this life, holineſs maketh the face of a man to ſhine, by an irradiation from the heart; what ſhall be the beauty of the body glorified? Surely though it be not deified, yet ſhall it be purified or perfected and immortalized. *Our vile bodies ſhall be changed, and faſhioned like unto his glorious body.* Such honour have all his Saints.

If then the change be ſuch, who would not be willing, yea glad to die? *All the days of mine appointed time*, ſaith *Job*, *I will wait till my change ſhall come.*

A man of great buſineſs does nothing leſs than live, but thoſe whom happineſs ſurchargeth,

geth, cry out, They are not afforded time for life. To be content to die, and willing to live: But to be willing to die, and content to live, is the mind of a ſtrong Chriſtian. *Diligimus mortem pariter, pariterque timemus: Ipſe metus te noſter amat.*——

At once we love, and yet we fear to die.
Our very fear loves the great Deſtiny.

Death deſirable, in what reſpects.

CHriſtus, non ignarus vel quàm miſera eſſet hæc vita, vel quàm optabilis pretioſa mors; vitam faſtidiebat, mortem verò exoptabat. Chriſt Jeſus, who was neither ignorant of the miſeries of Life, nor how deſirable and precious death is, did loath life, but greatly deſired to dye. When the Senator *Cato* was asked a queſtion concerning Death, "Should God, *ſaid he*, "grant me ſuch a boon, "as to become young a- "gain, I ſhould ſeriouſ- "ly refuſe it; neither "yet doth it trouble "me to have lived, be- "cauſe I have lived "well; nor do I fear to dye, being to leave "not

Si Deus (Inquit ille) mihi largiatur, ut repueraſcam, valdè recuſem: nec me vixiſſe pœnitet, quia bene vixi, nec timeo mori quia ex hoſpitio non domo diſcedam.

" not my Houſe, but my Inne.

Could we as innocently wiſh our own death as the Saints do the day of Judgment, we might ſafely deſire it (for who can blame the deſire of advantage ?) but, ill circumſtances vitiate our deſires; collateral reſpects to our own eaſe, as to be rid of troubles, freed of griefs, diſcontentments and the like; theſe commonly beget ſuch a wiſh in us. *Elias* himſelf was ſo impatient of diſcontents, as he ſat him down under a Juniper tree, deſiring, that he might dye, ſaying, *It is enough now, O Lord, take away my life ; for I am no better than my Fathers.*

It is the ſaying of the *Preacher. Death is not to be ſought in the error of youth, yet for ſome reſpects it may be deſired.*

Portus eſt ; aliquando petendus, nunquam recuſandus: Death is a Haven, ſometimes to be ſought, never to be refuſed.

1. As firſt, That ſo we may betimes leave off to ſin ; ſince ſin lives in us, and leaves us not till death ; It was the ſaying of *Socrates, When Death approacheth, thou groweſt more divine* ; If the ſouls under the Altar cry, How long, O Lord? if they ſolicite for the day of Judgment, why not I for my day of Death, ſince Death's day

Dixit Socrates, Appropinquante morte, multò es divinior.

day is but the eve of God's day? *Zenon* ſaid, *I have no fear but of old age.*

Secondly, Becauſe the ſoul that ſoon departs *diſpatcheth her journey to Heaven with more eaſe, becauſe ſhe hath contracted leſs dregs and preſſure.* And what's the diſtance 'twixt life and death? So little as, with the Antients, *The Emblem of Life* was, *An open eye; of death a ſhut one, but not extinct: nor did they imagine any more difference betwixt death and life, than the poor twinkling of an eye is to ſight.* Man is only a wink of life, his life and death joyn as near as joy and grief; where tears (the limbeck of the heart) expreſs both.

Facilius ad Superos iter facit quia minus fecis ponderiſque traxit.

Emblema vitæ Oculus apertus, mortis clauſus, non extinctus: nec plus intereſſe putaverunt, inter mortem & vitam quam nictum oculi.

3. Thirdly, That ſo we might the ſooner come to live indeed, be in our Countrey, whereas now we are but in the way to it. *Vita præſens non vita eſt, ſed via ad vitam, Preſent life is no life, but the way only to life.* For, when we ceaſe to be Men, we begin to be Angels. For wch. cauſe, St. *Bernard* ſaith, *Præcipitat quiſq; vitam ſuam: Futuri, deſiderio laborat, præſentium tædio. Every man throws his life headlong from him, labouring with a*

deſire

desire after the future, and weary of the present.

There are three messengers of Death, *Casualty, Sickness, Age*; the two first are doubtfull, since many have recovered them both, the last is certain; the two first are sudden, the last leasurely & deliberate. For all men, upon so many summons, but especially for an old man, it is a shame to be unprepared for death; for where others see they *may* die, he sees he *must* die: I was long ago old enough to die, but if I live till Age, I will think my self too old to live longer.

Yet it is a wonder to see how we love the present, and less esteem the future.

Men do commonly say, *There is no time but the present*, let that be true in Time, yet it holds not in Divinity; for man must chiefly mind his soul. The present is not that which contents the Soul, *He too narrowly pincheth his own joys, that resteth satisfied with what is present.* They are only creatures of inferiour nature, that are pleased with the present. Man is a future creature, the eye of his Soul looks beyond this life, *Scrutatur aliquod supra mundum: Futura & Præterita delectant: hæc expectatione, illa recordatione. He pries after something beyond the World: future and past things,*

Nimis angustat gaudia, qui præsentibus acquiescit.

things, both delight him ; the former by their expectation, the other by remembrance.

Whoſo feels not a deſire in his Soul of ſomething beyond his life, is not ſettled in the point of the immortality of the Soul : for in every ſupernatural man there is imprinted an undeterminable deſire of more than what this preſent life can yield. Therefore we do not determine our contentment in things preſent ; but expect future things, more and greater than here we are capable of, *Speranti grandia, mediocria ſunt ingrata : To one that hopes after great things, mean ones are unpleaſant.* All things tend to their center ; the ſtones, toſſed from the earth, borrow wings to their weighty nature to deſcend beneath where they have their look : Rivers are touched with amorous curioſity to re-viſit their mother, the Sea : the pyramidal *Flames* of fire witneſs they burn with deſire only of joyning themſelves with their firſt beginning.

Heaven is our Center, why ſhould not we be raviſhed to be there, to joyn as Atoms to their Unity, and as Rays to the body of their light ; to ſhew us the way, from aloft do thoſe torches of the night, gallantly ſhew us their twinkling baits ; they ſhine not to us, but to ſhew us the way of their Azure vaults

vaults, as being the only place of our repoſe. *The Heavens declare the Glory of God, and the Firmament ſhews his handy-work.*

The Soul's Excellency.

BUt what is this Soul, that ſo delights in futures? Tho it be ſhapeleſs and immaterial, yet it would make a man heavenly proud to contemplate of how divine a nature, quality and eſſence it is: Lift up thy eyes, O miſerable Soul! Lift up thy dull and drowſie eyes: behold to what end thou wert created! And behold in what condition thou doſt now abide? Thou wert created to be the Spouſe of Chriſt, the temple of God, a Veſſel of election, the throne of the true *Solomon*, even the rich and royal Seat of Wiſdom: *The ſoul is deified*; if ſhe be conſidered in her eſſentiality, ſaith St. *Bernard*, *In her form ſhe is a divine power, in her matter a ſoul.* Her amative virtue unites her to God, all vertues elſe to her. Therefore ſaith St. *Ambroſe*, *How beautifull art thou made, O my ſoul, by having ſin aboliſhed in thee!*

Secundum formam eſt Deus, ſecundum materiam eſt anima.

Quam pulchra es, O anima peccata deſtruendo! Pulchrior,

thee! how more beautifull by contemplating this fair and glorious fabrick of the World! but moſt beautifull, by adhering through love unto God.

mundum contemplando! Pulcherima, Deo amoroſe adherendo.

She partakes of that good which is in God, which the body doth not, but by participation with the ſoul. *Let us make man after our own likeneſs.*

The body, though it hath the honour to be companion with the ſoul, yet it is but her drudge; Chriſtians ſay of the ſoul, That's the man: the body is but the caſe. Heathens could ſay, The ſoul was *a particle of divine breath.* Some will have it *a ſpirit mixt of fire and air*; Others *a ſelf-moving number*; *Seneca* ſaith, *What is the ſoul elſe, but a Deity ſojourning in man's body?* Never any could give it ſuch a definition, that either another or himſelf could conceive it. And no wonder, for its ſelf cannot conceive its own ſelf-excellency, becauſe it ſuffered a compoſure before it ſelf was. *Triſmegiſtus* ſaith, The ſoul is the Horizon of time, in that it is immortal. It was the life of breath, that gave it the breath of life: therefore admira-

Divinæ particula auræ.

Quid aliud eſt anima, quàm Deus in corpore humano hoſpitans?

admiration rather than ſearch, becomes a man in ſuch a ſecret: yet ſo good is God to Man, that wherein we cannot reach him, he commonly deſcends to us. *Tully* ſaid, *No man could ever perſwade me, that our ſouls, whilſt they are in theſe mortal bodies, live; and when they go forth thence, die.* St. *Bernard* ſaith better, *The Soul doth not put off her native beauty, but puts on a new one; this is added, but that is not loſt.* And yet this ſpiritual eſſence of the ſoul was therefore clogged with an earthy body, that it ſhould not grow proud, as thoſe Angels did that fell.

Mihi quidem nunquam perſuaderi potuit, animos, dum in corporibus mortalibus eſſent, vivere; cùm exiſſent ex iis emori.

Anima non exuit formam nativam ſed ſuperinduit peregrinam; illa addita, iſta non perdita.

Let me ever worſhip the great God of this little God my ſoul, *and then ſearch no further.* For this is an inquiſition, fitter for Angelical intelligence, than Man's ſhallow capacity.

Only this I know, that to no creature elſe God hath given a reaſonable ſoul. *Of creatures*, the loweſt rank have *no life*, the next *no ſenſe*, the third *no reaſon*; none but Man hath Grace, nor is there hope in any creature elſe but man, which hope is given him

him for the ſuſtentation of his ſoul; For *The ſoul is not like the Camelion, to be fed with wind*; It cannot be fed with fancies, nor all the favours of the World. She is *ſo generous*, as nothing but the *chief good*, will ſatisfie her. St. *Auguſtine*, in a Comparative betwixt things temporal and eternal, ſaith thus. "We love things "temporal before we have them, more than "when we have them, becauſe the ſoul, "when ſhe hath them, cannot be ſatisfied "with them: but things eternal, when "they are actually poſſeſſed, are more "loved than when but deſired; for nei-"ther Faith could believe, nor Hope ex-"pect, ſo much as Charity ſhall find when "Eternity comes in poſſeſſion.

Anima hominis non eſt inſtar Camelionis, ut paſcatur vento.

Summum bonum.

There is no ſoul in the World, how happy ſoever it thinks it ſelf here, but points its apprehenſions beyond what it poſſeſſes here.

He that contemplates theſe things, will bear himſelf too loftily, and think himſelf too good, to look ſo low as theſe ſublunary things: he will deſpiſe *baſe things of earth*, as *the laughing ſtocks of the World*.

That

Angustus est animus quem terrena delectant. *That soul is too narrow, that is pleased with things earthly*; Man only admires *Magnalia Cæli, The great things of Heaven.*

How then can this beauty be pleased to inhabit long *in Contubernio isto, in this pitifull lodging? bring my soul out of prison,* saith *David, that I may praise thee, I am not where I am now* (saith the Soul.)

As for the body, all it cares, is but for a sepulture; for although the carcase be insensible of any posture or position, yet honest sepulture is a blessing. That body which had the honour to be the Temple of such a guest as the holy Ghost deserves this favour.

But because many times the houses of the dead, and the urned bones do meet with foul hands, for this also nature hath provided. As *Mecænas* speaks well,

Nec tumulum quæro: Sepelit Natura relictos.

——— *I seek no Tomb,*
Nature shall give our bones a burying room.

It is one of the petitions of every good soul, *Thy Kingdom come*, O Lord: yet (saith Saint *Augustine*) *This is that we both strive for, and yet resist: who does*

Et nitimur & reluctamur. Quis non gemens, quis non recu-

not

ſans exit? quis cum acceſſerit mors, non tergiverſatur, timet, plorat?

not go out groaning and grumbling for all this? who is it, that when death comes on, doth not ſhrink back for fear, and weep? Lord, I am here to wreſtle, not onely with fleſh and bloud, but with principalities, and powers, and ſpiritual wickedneſs; O take me from theſe tents of *Kedar* into the heavenly *Jeruſalem*, where Satan ſhall be utterly trodden down under my feet: I am here in heavineſs through many afflictions, O receive me into that place of reſt, where all tears ſhall be wiped from my eyes; where there ſhall be no more death, nor ſorrow, but to follow the Lamb whitherſoever he goes.

Man's croſs Nature.

IN all things elſe, obſerve how contrarily we carry our ſelves; The labourer from his work haſtens to his bed: The Mariner rows hard to gain the Port: The Traveller is glad when he is within kenning of his Inn: yet we, when death comes to put us in our Port, ſhun it as a Rock: we fear what we ſhould wiſh, and wiſh what we ſhould fear. *Abraham*, the Father of the Faithfull,

Faithfull, at God's command, left his Kindred and went into a ſtrange Land; how willingly ſhould we leave this Countrey, where we are only Strangers and Pilgrims, and deſire to be diſſolved and to be with Chriſt, which is beſt of all.

Haſt thou wont, O my Body! when the day hath wearied thee, to lie down unwillingly to thy reſt? Behold in this ſleep there is more quietneſs, more pleaſure of Viſions, more certainty of waking, more chearfulneſs in riſing: why then art thou loth to think of laying off thy Rags and repoſing thy ſelf? Why art thou like a Child, unwilling to go to bed? Haſt thou ever ſeen any Bird, which when the Cage hath been opened, would rather ſit ſtill and ſing within her Grates, than fly forth unto her freedom in the woods? haſt thou ever ſeen any Priſoner in love with his bolts and fetters? Did the chief of the Apoſtles, when the Angel of God ſhined in his Goal, and ſtruck him on the ſide, and looſed his two Chains, and bad him ariſe quickly, and opened both the Wooden and Iron Gates, ſay, what, ſo ſoon? yet a little ſleep? What madneſs had it been, rather to ſlumber betwixt his two Keepers, than to follow the Angel of God into Liberty?

Haſt

Haſt thou ever ſeen any Mariner that hath ſaluted the Sea with Songs, and the Haven with Tears? What ſhall I ſay to this diffidence, O my ſoul! that thou art unwilling to think of reſt after thy toyl, of freedom after thy durance, of the Haven after an unquiet and tempeſtuous paſſage? How many are there that ſeek death, and cannot find it, meerly out of the irkſomneſs of life. Hath it found thee, and offered thee better Conditions, not of immunity of evils, but of poſſeſſion of more good than thou canſt think, and wouldſt thou now flee from happineſs, to be rid of it? O ſoul, caſt away every thing that hindereth thee in thy Journey, that thou mayeſt go lightly to thy heavenly home.

O Father of mercy, who haſt placed us in this world as in the middle between heaven and hell, aſſiſt and ſtrengthen us with thy Spirit to the end that we may be found blameleſs in the end: Lord, make us here thy Subjects in the Kingdom of Grace, that hereafter we may be thy Saints in the Kingdom of Glory, *Amen.*

Man's Better Choice,

IS *often to call to mind the happineſs of good men, the calamity of the evil, and the vanity of*

of the Worldly man. Hear, O Christian! what the *Pagan* saith. *Quid ni non timeat, qui sperat, mori? How cannot he chuse, but not to fear to die, who hopes die?*

It is harder to make a true Philosopher patient of life, than of death.

Hic spe mortis patienter dolet.
Et tædio doloris libenter moritur.
Hunc fert illam expectat.
Expecta, mors tardè, sed tamen venit.

This man in hopes of death mourns quietly:
And tir'd with grief, as willingly would dye.
Expecting death he sinks not under woe;
For, wait a little, death comes sure thô slow.

Have God in thy mind all the days of thy life, let this also be written in thy mind, Vertue shall see God, he that lives well is a true Christian, yea rather an Angel. Meditate we at all hours, of the hour of our departure out of this life, according to that of the Wise man, *Remember thy latter end, and thou shalt never do amiss.*

Therefore saith St. *Paul, I am in a strait betwixt two, whether to live in the flesh were profitable for me; and which to chuse wot not.* Yet at last resolved, *Live or die, Christ* was

to

to him *advantage. Woe is me, how long have I ſtayed! alas, how late do I come, how ſlowly do I haſten, O my God! the Sun of my life hath paſſed his meridian, and I am now in the afternoon of my age; the night of nature will come ſoon upon me, when Death as God's Sergeant will arreſt my body upon debt due to Nature, my ſoul upon treſpaſs committed againſt God; the one he will bind hand and foot, and commit cloſe priſoner to the Grave; the other he will arraign in the high court of Heaven, where God ſhall be both Party and Judge to anſwer all Objections, as well of Ignorance as of Contempt.*

Therefore *to be looſed and to be with Chriſt* was beſt of all.

Till then, God grant that I may have *life as the object of my patience, but death of my deſire.*

So ſhall I fulfill my courſe with joy: when Life is not dear to me, nor Death grievous.

Life and Death compared.

IN elder times both Wiſe men, Great men and Mean men, had Death in ſuch eſtimation, and ſo undervalued Life, as that they

they fondly ſaid, had man been worthy to know what Life was, before he received it, he would have been loath to accept it; *Nemo vitam acciperet, ſi daretur ſcientibus. No man would take Life, did he know what is given him.* Life would have kept us in ſlavery, but that Death frees us. The Heathen-gods held Death to be Man's *Summum bonum, chief good:* Therefore *Trophonius*, when he had built and dedicated that goodly Temple at *Delphos*; asking of *Apollo*, for his recompence, that thing which was beſt for man; the Oracle bad him go home, and within three days he ſhould have it; within which time, he died. They accounted Death but the retreat of Life. *Optimum naturæ Inventum, Mors: The beſt diſcovery of nature:* For by it every man might make himſelf happy, no man be longer miſerable, than he will; *Does life pleaſe thee? live ſtill: Does it not pleaſe? thou mayeſt return thither, whence thou cameſt.* They thought no ſtate miſerable, but that which Death could not remedy: wherefore, ſay they, a wiſe man lives but ſo long as he ſhould, not ſo long as he can.

Placetne vita? vivet
Non placet? licet eò
reverti, unde veniſti.

If death were not in our power, we ſhould

ſhould deſire it more than now we fear it. *Phocion* in *Athens* being condemned to die, the Executioner refuſed to do his Office, unleſs he had 12 *Drams* paid him in hand; *Phocion*, leſt death ſhould be put to attendance, borrowed it of a friend, and gave it him.

Even as at Athens (ſaid he) *men might not die cheaply.* Reaſon, the Miſtreſs of all things, taught them, that common ſafety lay in death; And *he that ſaves a man againſt his will, does no leſs than he that kills him.* Life is ſubject to many misfortunes: But, *In eo qui ſcit mori, nil poteſt Fortuna*; *Fortune cannot harm him, that knows how to die.* This made them cheriſh theſe deſperate conceits, That *it made no matter, whether a man cauſed his own end, or received it*; thinking it bravery to uſe miſchief for a remedy. Though Life be not, yet Death is at a Man's command; *Mors nihil aliud eſt, quàm velle: Death is no more but to be willing.* In which reſpect no man could complain of life, becauſe *it binds no man.* If any man did complain this was their wiſh.

Quemadmodum Athenis, inquit, ne mori gratis licet.

Invitum qui ſervat, idem facit occidenti.

Nil referre, faciatve finem an recipiat.

Vita neminem tenet.

Mors utinam pavidos vitæ ſubducere nollet;
Sed Virtus hanc ſola daret.—

O that death would not life from cowards take,
But that the prize of valour onely make.

In ſcorn ſome have ſaid, *Egóne expectem, vel morbi crudelitatem, vel hominis? cum poſſim medio exire tormento, & adverſa diſcutere? What ſhall I wait, for either the cruelty of a diſeaſe, or of a man; whenas I can in the height of my torment go off at my pleaſure, and throw off all adverſity?* But their braveſt conceit was worſe, that it was *a generous kind of death*, for a man to be author of his own death. If it be permitted to deſire death, why is it ill to give it to themſelves?

To maintain this by reaſon, as well as Courage; this was their aſſertion; Death was natural, therefore welcome any way.

Vivere noluit, qui mori non vult. *He could have no mind to live, who had none to die*: He is ſorry that he was a Man, that is not glad to die. It is inevitable, therefore we muſt be reſolute; *Bear well, not blame, what cannot be avoided.* Fools fly it, old men attend it, wiſe men wiſh it. Nay, ſome ſo prided themſelves in this way, that, for care, fear, or grief, they would not die:

Feras, non culpes, quod vitari non eſt.

Non inferam mihi manus, propter dolorem. *I will not lay hands upon my ſelf for any grief*: Nor yet, for Fear: *'Tis a foo-*

a fooliſh thing to die for fear of death; nor yet through threats of Torments. *To die ſo, is to be vanquiſh'd:* But if ſo be their fortune began to grow doubtfull, and *if many troubles appeared, diſturbing their peace*, then it was fortitude to diſpatch themſelves; How, or with what it mattered not.

Stultum eſt, timore mortis, mori.

Sic mori, Vinci eſt.

Si nulla occurrebant moleſta, tranquilitatem turbantia, &c.

A way was ſoon opened to a great liberty, with a little Pen-knife, and by one prick thereof full ſafety ſecured, (ſaid *Seneca*, when he bled to death.)

Scalpellum aperitur ad illam magnam libertatem via, & puncto ſecuritas conſtat.

Cato will die, becauſe the Commonwealth declined; *Nerva*, becauſe the Laws were not kept; *Silvianus*, becauſe he would not live at the mercy of his Enemy: *Lucretia*, to cover a diſhonour. Thus may folly do that which nature cannot defend.

But, *Where are the diſputers of the world*, ſaith St. *Paul?* Others thought Death was to be expected till nature called for it, or Juſtice took it. For defence of a Man's Countrey, Laws or Religion, men might *lay down their lives*; but not for oſtentation, in

Ponere animas ſuas.

discontentment. *'Tis good to die a man's own natural death.* Yet some will die for wantonness, if they want their Wills. [—*Sed furor est, Ne moriare, mori.*

Bona res est, mori suâ morte.

But this is madness, certainly;
That thou maist not die, for to die.

Life was given Man, to manage it to the utmost. Having but the use of our lives, we are bound to husband them to the best advantage. Every one is here set Centinel, and not to leave the place, till his Captain call him off. *That is not the best death which pleaseth, but which becomes me.* That death is best, which was well recollected, quietly suffering what it could not possibly prevent.

Non est optima quæ placet, sed quæ decet mors.

It is not enough to die with a Roman courage; nor to be as resolute as *Cato*, who told *Cæsar*, he feared his pardon more than the pain he threatned: Nor yet, that the cause of death be just; but it must be also necessary, unsought, inevitable.

But to let go this discourse, my Contemplation lies another way.

Only this let me say, Divines need not be ashamed to wear the Jewels and the Ear-rings of Egyptians; they are in many things so full of lustre, and so excellent.

Man

Man in this world lives by appointment, and God for his own purpoſes makes Life ſweet, and Death terrible. *Emori nolo; mortuum me eſſe non curo.* Many there are, that fear not ſo much to be dead, as to die. *Aſſiduè variatur Homo, per adverſa & proſpera: neſcit, quando moriatur. Man is continually changing betwixt good and evil,* and *knows not when he ſhall die.*

To labour not to die, is labour in vain: To live without fear of death, is to die living. *A Secure life is a dead Sea.* *Secura vita, eſt mare mortuum.*

This let a wiſe man do; *Quod neceſſe eſt, ne timeat: Quod incertum eſt, ſemper expectet. Let him not fear what muſt needs be, and let him expect ever what may be.* But he neither fears nor feels death, yt. hath his hopes in heaven.

Zenon was wont to ſay, There was no Happineſs but *life*, it introducing eternity; no unhappineſs but living long, it prolonging miſery: for the beſt condition of it was but a variety of vanity. Wherefore, as life was welcome, ſo age was to him fearful: The moſt afflicted men, draw comfort from the hopes of Death; Therefore

Seek not conſolation againſt Death; but let Death be thy conſolation. *Comforter*, is his Name: In Death there is comfort a-

gainſt Death. *Mortem optare, malum; timere, pejus: 'Tis evil to pray for Death, but 'tis worſe to fear it.* But, to make Death eaſie, look thorough Death at Glory; think not ſo much of Death, as of the Glory that follows it; at the worſt *Death vitam, ſed in melius transfert.* *doth not take away life, but removes it for the better*: Life gives way to Death, and makes way for it. If it be ſharp for the time: *Puer es, ſi mavis manere inſanus, quàm medicinam ſuſtinere amaram* *Thou art but a Child, if thou hadſt rather continue ſick, than take unpleaſant Phyſick.* A man will eaſily ſwallow a bitter Pill, to gain health. The Phyſician helps us not without pain, and yet we reward him for it. *Job* ſaith of *Death*, *From ſix troubles it delivereth, Et in ſeptima non tanget te malum, and in the ſeventh*, that is, at the point of death, *no evil ſhall touch thee: Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.* Fit your ſelf for it, and you will never fear it. Do by it as you do in other things; when you would go to ſleep, you put off your Cloaths, you draw the Curtains, put out the Candle, and go to Bed; thus as it were acting ſleep, before ye go to ſleep: So addreſs your ſelf to death; *Man lieth down, and riſeth not till the heavens be no more:*

more: O that thou wouldſt hide me in the Grave! that thou wouldſt keep me ſecret: and then, as the Father ſaith,

Death begins reſt to them whom God doth love:
'Tis Heaven's Ladder, Gate to Life above:

Bring your ſelf acquainted with death, that when it comes it may come, *not as an Enemy, but as a Gueſt*; not as a Foe, but as a Friend; not as a Stranger, but as a Gueſt that you had long looked for: and bid death welcome, more bleſſed than your birth. *Non ut hoſtis, ſed ut hoſpes.*

Thus did *Solomon* upon his Throne, extol his Coffin above his Crown. What a grief then is it to ſee great men in theſe days build Houſes of that ſtrength and ſtate, as if they ſhould always live, and yet ſo live, as if they had but mortal ſouls? like the old *Romans*, who thought eternity dwelt in Statues, and in Marble Monuments. *The old* Fathers lived in Caves; *Cain* firſt built a City on Earth, but loſt Heaven; *I dwell in Cedars, but God's Ark remains under Curtains*, was *David*'s grief.

It is good counſel, *Get familiar acquaintance with death, that when thy Death ſhall happen, thou mayeſt go forth glad and chearful to meet it.* *Effice mortem tibi familiarem, ut poſſis, cùm ſors tulerit, illi lætus & alacriter obviam exire.*

it. Though Death be terrible, yet Innocency is bold. Death doth not complement with the honourable perſon, but uſeth him as coarſly as the baſe. *Mors æquo pede pulſat, pauperum tabernas, Regumque turres*; *Death knocks as well at a Princes Pallace, as a Poor man's Cottage*; Wiſe men die, as well as Fools.

As the thought of Death daunts an ill liver; ſo it makes a good man more humble, more wary, and more fruitfull. Yet do not as the Dueliſts and Gallants of the times do, [go into the field to ſeek death, and find honour:] Swift *Aſahel*, had he gone but ſlowly, might have overtaken death, but he runs to fetch it; ſo do Combatants in theſe days. *Infelix victoria*; *cùm vitio ſuccumbit victor: Aut morieris pro homicidio, aut vives homicida. Where 'tis an unhappy victory: For the Conqueror does baſely ſubmit to ſin*; *and thou ſhalt either die for Murther, or live a Murtherer.* Nor do, as the wits of the time do, put a ſcorn upon Death; and, to be accounted good company, dare abuſe God, deſpite death, and talk prophanely; yet no man, for offending good fellowſhip muſt reprove them: To be bitterly witty in invectives, pleaſes: and to have brain enough to be a *Timon*, ſeems a jolly thing: but

but in theſe caſes, ſaith St. *Auguſtine*, it is a fault not to find fault: *For as wicked diſcourſe leads into ſin, ſo does ſuch ſilence leave a man in it.* A man may be mannerly in the form, but muſt be round in the matter; for a friend cannot make a more improvement of his friendſhip, than by a round reproof of his friend upon ſuch an occaſion.

Nam quemadmodum malus ſermo ducit in peccatum, ſic ſilentium relinquit in peccato.

One ſaith well, *Sin doth ill in the eye, but worſe in the tongue: I know not*, ſaid another, *whether the maintenance of the leaſt evil be not worſe than the commiſſion of the greateſt: For this may be of frailty, that argues obſtinacy.* Likewiſe, prophane ſpeeches, how ſharp ſoever, are ever hatefull to a good ear. Wherefore play not the wanton with Heaven, take no part with wit againſt godlineſs; ſuch air poyſons goodneſs, and brings ſadneſs at the laſt.

Seneca, obſerving that ill men in their converſation, and good men in their prayers, made over-bold with God; gave this counſel: *So deal with men, as if God ſaw thee; ſo ſpeak to God, as if men heard thee.* But, ſay the Good-fellows of the World,

Offendatur Deus, ne contriſtetur amicus. *Let God be diſpleaſed, rather than thy friend diſtaſted.* Let us enjoy our ſelves; To what elſe ſerves the fulneſs of our fortunes?

But he counſels better who ſaith, *Temperanda eſt felicitas mundi, meditatione mortis; ut vinum, aquâ dilutum. The happineſs of the world is to be tempered with the remembrance of death, as wine is with water*; Such an allay proſperity requires.

To this end good *Joſeph* of *Arimathæa* built his Sepulchre in his Garden: *Saul* is no ſooner anointed King, but was ſent to *Rachel's* Sepulchre: Some Philoſophers had their graves always open before their gates, that going out and coming in, they might always think of death: For, in life they found comforts to be rare, croſſes frequent, pleaſures momentany, pains permanent.

In this World we are all *Bennonies*, the Sons of ſorrow: the way to Heaven is by weeping croſs. The Kalender tells us, we come not to *Aſcenſion-Day*, till the *Paſſion Week* be paſt.

Hi motus animorum, atque hæc certamina tanta,
Pulveris exigui jactu compreſſa quieſcunt.

All thoſe proud ſtrifes that break great ſpirits peace,
Throw but a little duſt on them, will quickly ceaſe.

It is obſerved, that moſt of other creatures

tures live long; but dying, periſh all to nothing. Therefore ſome complain of *Nature*, that ſhe hath given too long a life to a *Raven*, and too ſhort a life to *Man*. Man that is ſhort-lived, yet, he dying, lives eternally: Think but of this, and you will think as Saint *Bernard* did, that *Life were little better than Hell, were it not for the hope of Heaven.*

Surely Chriſt would not have died, but that we may die in ſafety: He, *by* death, *in* death, delivered us *from* death.

And, Did Chriſt die for me, that I might live with him? I will not therefore deſire to live long from him. Who would not go out of himſelf, to go to God?

It is a token of little love to God, to be loath to go to God. All Men go willingly to ſee him, whom they love. *Our Brother* Joſeph *liveth*; therefore, though with *Jacob* I cannot ſay, *I will go ſee him before I die*; Yet, Lord, let me die, that I may ſee him whom my Soul loveth. Living I cannot, but dying I ſhall.

The danger is, left *difficulties* and *delights* hinder our reſolutions:

Difficulties ſhould not hinder: for, ſince *Adam*'s fall, none paſſes unto Paradiſe, but by burning Seraphims; we cannot go out

of

of *Egypt*, but through the Red Sea of afflictions. The Children of *Israel*, before they came to *Jeruſalem*, took in their way the Valley of Tears: and croſſed the ſwift River *Jordan*, before they came to the ſweet waters of *Siloam*.

Pleaſures may hinder; For, even good St. *Auguſtine* was once of that mind, that he would not leave preſent pleaſures for future hopes; but afterwards ſaid with ſorrow: *It is a ſhame to live deliciouſly, whenas Chriſt lived dangerouſly. Moſes* when he came to years, refuſed to be called the Son of *Pharaoh's* daughter, chuſing rather to ſuffer affliction with God's Children, than to enjoy the pleaſures of ſin for a ſeaſon.

Pudeat vivere in deliciis, cum Chriſtus vixit in periculis.

Proſperous fortunes many times hinder a chearfull dying; But this petulant world muſt be left: The vain pride of man befools him, and eaſily carries him to ridiculous affectations: But conſcience of ſin muſt not be exchanged for ſenſe of pleaſure. To labour in conquering Vice, is the greateſt pleaſure we ſhould take. The holy man exclaims, O *quàm multi ſunt, qui mundum damnant; & tamen pauci relinquunt! Alas, how many are there that rail at the world, and how few that leave*

leave it! Every Senſe about us, upon the leaſt temptation, is a Traitor to the Soul. The Body it ſelf, if you ſet too high a price upon it, will make a cheap Soul. *Our care for the body is great, and our careleſneſs of the ſoul no leſs.* A man may be as happy in Ruſſet, as in Tiſſue; and he is an unhappy man, whoſe out-ſide is his beſt ſide: Vile is Nature, in her beſt dreſs. It was good Counſel of the Preacher; *Care not for glorious apparel, but apparel your ſelf with glory.* A ſpruce Roman riding on a lean Jade, was asked by the Cenſor his reaſon; he anſwered, *I look to my ſelf, my man to my horſe.* So vain men look to their Bodies, look who lift to their Souls. Saith *Stella*, *'Tis a great abſurdity, that the Miſtris ſhould play the Hand maid, & the Hand-maid command.*

Magna corporis cura, magna mentis incuria.

Dominam ancillari, & ancillam Dominari, abuſio eſt.

Alſo, High Fortunes lead men to ſtrange faſhions; but if we would be of the Court of Heaven, we muſt faſſion our ſelves as the Countrey man doth; who when he comes to Court ſoon ſhakes off his clowniſh tricks, and gets a civil behaviour: *Mundum cum ſuis frivolis: The world with all its trifles* a good man muſt contemn.

If you would live well, live in awe of all eyes,

eyes, and especially take heed where you live; for the very place of pleasure is dangerous. In Paradise *Adam* could not be innocent, but out of Paradise he was a good man. *Adam* was set upon in Paradise, *Job* on the Dunghill; yet was *Job, fortior in stercore, quam* Adam *in Paradiso: stronger on the Dung-hill, than* Adam *was in Paradise*; We are no *Davids* now a days, therefore let us not be too venturous; *David*, when he had seen the magnificence & state of the Court, yet thought never the worse of his retired life, but loved his Hook the better: and when afterwards he came from keeping sheep, to be a *shepherd of men*, he changed his state without change of his disposition. But this is not our condition now a days; we are more for our *sheep*, than our *souls*. Man is the Son of desires: but judge not of things by the face of things, for life and death have deceivable vizors: Under the fair face of life lurks grief, under the foul feature of Death (which is but fancy) lies Felicity Take off the mask, and you will change your mind; loath that you loved, love that you loathed.

Ποιμένα λάων.

Vita habitu casto, cum non sit casta videtur:
Mors, preter cultum, nil meretricis habet.

Life,

Life, though ſhe be not chaſt, would fain ſeem ſo:
And Death hath nothing whoriſh but the ſhew.

The kinds of *Death.*

THE kinds of Death as of Life are two: one bodily, the other ſpiritual:

Bodily life is, the conjunction of Body and Soul; bodily death is, the ſeparation of body and ſoul. And as a godly man hath three degrees of life: The firſt, in this life, when Chriſt lives in him: The ſecond, when his body returns to earth, and his ſoul to God that gave it: The third at the end of the World, when body and ſoul reunited, ſhall enjoy Heaven.

So likewiſe a wicked man hath three degrees of death; Dead in ſin, while he lives; Dead in ſoul, when he dies; Dead in body and ſoul, when both ſhall be adjudged to eternal condemnation. *Malis ſit Mors ſine morte; Finis ſine fine; Defectus ſine defectu. Mors vivit: Finis ſemper incipit; Deficere defectus neſcit. Evil men die a death that never dies: An endleſs end. A decay that never decays. Becauſe their death lives, and their end always begins, and their decay knows not to decay.*

On the other ſide, To the faithfull, death is but the finiſhing of his mortification, and burying of his ſin.

Freedome

Freedom by Death.

THE freedoms we have by death, are many.

1. *First*, It frees from all worldly injuries. Here good men do but live and ſuffer: *Bene agere, & Malè pati: To do well, and ſuffer ill*; that's their portion. Sufferings are greater tryals than actions; but they prepare to happineſs: *It is good for me that I have been afflicted*, ſaith *David*. He that does not feel evil, is no man; he that cannot bear them, is a woman: But what are momentany afflictions to an eternal weight of glory?

Non ſentire mala, non eſt hominis, non ferre, non eſt viri.

2. *Secondly*, it ends all miſery. Death is a privative good, putting a period to all ill. *Man im Miſery*, ſaith *Job*, *longs for death, and digs for it more than treaſure.* Death is but an end, not a pain: Nay, ſaith one, it is neither end nor pain; but, —*Bonis lex eſt, non pœna, perire. To good men, a law rather than a puniſhment.* It is another *Moſes* unto man, delivering him out of bondage, and from making Brick in *Egypt*.

It ends ſin, not Life: It reforms, but doth not deſtroy nature. *Vitiorum eſt Sepultura, virtutum Reſurrectio, Mors. Death is a burial*

burial of vices, but a Reſurrection of virtues.

3. *Thirdly*, it frees from all corporal Infirmities.

Death is the disbanding of all griefs. It putteth the ſoul into the full poſſeſſion of all the inheritance and happineſs, which Chriſt hath either promiſed in his Word, or purchaſed for thee by his Blood. Life it ſelf is a diſeaſe, and we die by corruption of humours, whether they be of body or manners. Whoſo thinks to heal all infirmities with an eaſier plaiſter than Death, *Delinimenta potius quàm remedia, podagræ ſuæ ponit: Applies rather flatteries to his gout than remedies.* *Mors omnium dolorum ſolutio.*

4. *Fourthly*, it frees us from all bodily labours: Man is the ſubject of the Earth by Labour, of Heaven by Suffering. The *Spirit* ſaith, *Bleſſed are they that die in the Lord, they reſt from their labours.* [*Adeò juvat occupatum, mori.*] [*So pleaſant is it to a buſie man to die.*] Here I have labour without reſt, there I ſhall have reſt without labour: In this reſt, perfect tranquility; in this tranquility, contentment; in this contentment, joy; in this joy, variety; in this variety, ſecurity; in this ſecurity, eternity: So to reſt, to riſe, to reign, what more to be wiſhed? 5. *Fifthly*,

5. *Fifthly*, It eaſes us of all cares and troubles: *Refrigeries animæ, Mors. It is refection to the ſoul*: Were we but in a throng, we would think that man at eaſe, who gets out firſt. *Noah*, when he had been toſſed but a year upon the waters, then Mount *Ararat* was to him a gladſome place; ſo likewiſe miſerable man, after many wearisome years, toſſed up and down the world as in a troubled ſea, will be glad of death, as of a Mount *Ararat*, a reſting place for his tired ſoul.

Old *Chauſer's* Epitaph is a good one: *Mors erumnarum requies.* *Death is the repoſe of cares.* The long ſick man wrote upon his grave-ſtone; *Here Hic ero ſanus.* *I ſhall be well.* In war we often relieve the watch: Life is a Warfare, yet hath no relief but Death.

6. *Laſtly*, Death doth us none of the leaſt pleaſures, in freeing us from phantaſms and vain pleaſures; For, *In pleaſures, our chaſtity is endangered*; *in buſineſs, our piety*; *our truth, in much ſpeech*; *our charity, in things worldly*. And yet ſome pleaſures may ſtand with innocency (for God loves to ſee his creatures happy;) but commonly, *The pleaſures of the body, are the poyſons of the ſoul*: A Man ſmothered in Roſes, meets with

with death, though in ſweetneſs; *Delicatas mentes enervat felicitas. Proſperity cuts the the ſinews of delicate ſpirits.* In vain mirth there is no true joy, nor yet gladneſs in laughter; for, *Res eſt ſevera, Gaudium: True joy is a ſerious matter*: The only object of true joy is God; *In the multitude of ſorrows that I had in my heart, Thy comforts have refreſhed me, and do delight my ſoul*, ſaith *David*.

As *Jacob* ſerved ſeven years for *Rachel*, and it ſeemed to him but a few days for the love which he did bear to her, So let me eſteem both the time ſhort, and the pains ſweet, in ſerving to enjoy thee, O Lord my God.

Delight in pleaſures, and you ſhall find your greateſt pleaſures become your bittereſt pains. *Miſer homo, cujus gaudium crimen habet: What a ſad wretch is this poor man, whoſe very joy is not innocent?*

But cheriſh that Syntereſis, (the natural power in the ſoul) that will ſtir you up to a chearfulneſs in goodneſs; *Ne quæras Deum in hortis & paſcuis Deliciarum*: Moſes *Eum invenit in ſpinis, & aſperitate vitæ. Seek not God in the gardens and green meadows of pleaſures: For* Moſes *found him in the thorns and roughneſs of life.*

A man,

A man, whose soul is conversant with God, shall find more pleasure in the desart, and in death, than in the Palace of a Prince.

Soveraignty reaches not to the affairs of Nature; even Princes must die: *I have said Ye are gods, but ye shall die like men.*

The Benefits by Death.

THE benefits that come by Death, are *First*, Fulness of grace, which here we have but in part; *Vivere volunt homines, ut perfecti sint: Mori velint, & perfecti sunt. Men are willing to live, that they may be perfect: Let them be willing to die, and they are perfect.* Here we have but *the earnest of the Spirit*, there we shall have *our reward. Sit ye on my right hand* will be our welcome. Here men's regeneration is never accomplished; by Death, it is fully perfected.

Secondly, Perfection of Glory, *Now I know but in part; but then, I shall know as I am known: now, I see darkly, as in a glass; then, shall I see face to face*; There shall be new Heavens, and new Earth; the World shall be made better, not Nothing; *Suscipit melioration em, non interitum. It receives a bettering, not a destruction. Old things are*

passed

paſſed away; *behold*, ſaith S. *Paul*, *all things are become new*. *There ſhall be no more any infant of days*, *nor an old man that hath not filled his days*, ſaith *Iſay*. The heavens you behold ſhall be ſuper-inveſted with new endowments, made everlaſting habitations for the Saints departed. *We ſhall be Participes*, *non tantum ſpectatores gloriæ*; *ſharers*, *not only ſpectators of glory*: enjoy with theſe eyes *that bleſſed Viſion*; joy unſpeakable, and full of glory: And this joy, ſaith St. *John*, *No man ſhall take from us*.

Thirdly, Inſeparable fellowſhip with Chriſt: *They follow the Lamb*, *whitherſoever he goeth*. There we ſhall be married to him, here we be but contracted; *I will marry thee to me*, ſaith the Prophet. Thoſe favours and love-tokens, I have here received, do but inflame, not ſatisfie; and theſe I am willing to part with, leſt they ſhould make me loath to depart to him, that gave me them. *Meritricius eſt amor*, *plus annulum quàm Sponſum amare*. *It is the love of Whores*, *more to value the Gold ring*, *than the Bridegroom*.

Laſtly, It brings me (where I would be) into my own *Country*, into *Paradiſe*, where I ſhall meet (not, as in the *Elizium* of the *Poets*, *Catones*, *Scipiones*, *& Scævolas*; But) *Abraham*

Abraham, *Iſaac* and *Jacob*; the *Patriarchs*, my fathers; the *Saints*, my brothers; the *Angels*, my friends; my wife, children and kinsfolks that are gone before me, and do attend me, looking and longing for my arriving there. Where we ſhall thus congratulate, as Saint *Paul* ſaith; We are met in mount *Sion* the city of the living God, and Celeſtial *Jeruſalem*, in the company of innumerable Angels, where things that eye hath not ſeen, nor ear heard, nor heart of man can conceive, are prepared for us, and all that fear God. There is none can fill the mind of man, but the bleſſed Trinity; when God the Father, the moſt Ancient of days, ſhall fill our memories; God the Son, who is Wiſedom it ſelf, our underſtanding; God the Holy Ghoſt, who is Contentation and Love, ſhall ſit in our wills: Then all the powers of our mind will be at reſt, when as they ſhall enjoy Him who made them.

Therefore I will ſay, Lord, When ſhall I come and appear before thee? *Like as the Hart panteth for the water-brooks, ſo pants my ſoul for thee, O God! I had rather be a door-keeper in thy houſe*, than dwell here, though in Chambers of pleaſure: And know this, that glory follows grace: if little grace be here, leſs will be the Glory hereafter.

Touch-

Touching the Second General Diviſion.

II. *The Fears or Joys that Death brings.*

The Fears of Death.

ALL *fear is grievous, The King of fears, is Death*; for nothing is abſolutely fearfull but what tends to Death. *The living Dog*, ſaith *Solomon, is better than the dead Lyon.* The baſeſt life excells the beſt bare Being. Naturally men fear Death, becauſe it ends Being, which Nature would preſerve. *All grief ariſeth from Love.* Rachel *mourned for her Children, and would not be comforted, becauſe they were not.* Very not-being is ſufficiently abhorred by Nature; yet Death ends not Being. *Timor eſt dolor.*

Chriſtians were wont to be of that courage, that they feared nothing but Sin; ſaying

ſaying to the Law, Thou haſt no power over me, for God the Father hath ſent his Son to redeem me from thy bondage; thou doſt accuſe, terrifie and condemn in vain, for I will creep into the hole which bloudy *Longinus* made with his Spear in my Saviour's ſide, there will I hide my ſelf from all my foes; I will plunge my conſcience in his wounds, death, victorious Reſurrection, glorious Aſcenſion. *Timuit mortem* Petrus, *& negavit Chriſtum. St.* Peter *feared death, and this made him deny Chriſt.* But why ſhould a man fear death, that doth but reſtore him to Him that made him. *Timeat mortem, qui Deum non timet. Let him fear death, that does not fear God.* Fears (as all paſſions) do diſquiet the heart; yet juſt Fear breeds but Care, and Fear mixt with Faith, ſolicits unto goodneſs; but diſtruſtfull Fear, as over confident Hope, are both alike hurtfull.

But, *Sunt qui Deum nec timent, nec ſperant. There are ſome, who neither fear God, nor truſt in him.* Theſe men are deſperate; they go on, and ſhut up a careleſs life with a diſconſolate Death. Fear of Death is commonly the effect of an evil. Fear vice, eſpecially in age, leſt, the nearer you come to death, the farther you go from life. The *Convert* ſaid well; *Periiſſem, niſi periiſſem. I had periſhed, but that I did periſh.* It

It is true: The name of Death to most is fearfull; yet, *The train of death affrights more than death it self.* Groans, Convulsions, discoloured faces, these shew death terrible; because God loves at first to make way for himself by terrour, but at last conveys himself to us in sweetness. And what trouble can Fear breed, when that which is feared is a Favour?

Pompa mortis magis terret quàm ipsa mors.

That *Philosopher* is not to be followed, who, to prepare himself the better for death, did set forth death most fearfully; nor yet is that *Emperour* to be praised, who so little esteemed death, as he dyed in a complement.

The fear of death is worse than the pains of death; *The fear of death is worse than it self*; because fear of death kills us *often*, where death it self can do it but *once*. And when that is done, saith *Job*, *the Womb will forget thee, and the worms feed sweetly on thee.*

There is nothing more miserable or foolish, than always to Fear. The *Philosopher* thought, that if death (as bad as men count it) were not mingled with bitterness, men would run to it with desire and indiscretion. Therefore, *Et mortem concupiscentes,*

& eandem timentes, æquè objurgat Epicurus: Epicurus *doth equally reprove thoſe that deſire death, and thoſe that fear it.*

It is the life ſhould not be troubled with too much care, nor death with too much fear; becauſe fears betray, cares diſorder thoſe ſuccours which reaſon would afford to both: But he is more ſorrowful than is neceſſary; that is ſorrowful before there be neceſſity. Nor will I ever think my ſoul in good caſe, ſo long as I fear to think of dying. When the Prince of Life was under the Arreſt of death, then death's ſeeming Victory was terrible: But now, O *Death where is thy Sting? O Grave where is thy Victory?*

Fears multiply evils, Faith diminiſhes them; yet moſt men wiſh that *death would rather fall on them at once, than hang always threatning over them*; becauſe nothing is ſo painful, as to dwell long under the expectation of ſome great evil. Of themſelves, the pains of death are only throws of travel, that bring forth joys in ſuffering pains.

By Death the ſoul is diſcharged, the body diſſolved: the one rejoyceth for her liberty, the other feels not that ſhe is aſunder.

The Heathen-man could ſay, *I believe not, for*

for my part, that there is any puniſhment to any after Death: but ſay there were; yet, What is it to death, and what ſhall be after death? If there be any fears in death! *Quare juvenes non timent fieri ſenes? Why do young men not fear to become old men?* But it is the nature of Fear, to make Dangers greater, Helps leſs than they are.

When *Anaxagoras* had word brought him, that his dear and only Son was dead: Said he, *I know I begot a mortal.* The Son's condition ſatisfied the Father's paſſion. *Scio me genuiſſe mortalem.*

There is no ſuch gentle removal of grief, or life's diſcontents, as the right ſenſe of Death; nor can that man either live at eaſe, or yet contentedly; who lives continually in fear of death. *Let us never fear what we ſhall ſuffer when we are dead, if we have committed no fearfull thing while we lived.*

In learning to live, ſtudy how to die. We take great care to beſtow our time well while we live; but he loſes all his time, that knows not how to end his time. *Nothing more miſerable, than not to know how to die.*

Socrates diſputed concerning death un-

till he died. When *Otho* and *Cato* had prepared all things for their death, they ſettled themſelves to ſleep; when they awaked, and found themſelves upon the ſtroke of execution, all they ſaid was; *Life is given for a puniſhment, death for a remedy.* Tyrants have been told to their faces, that their mortal wounds made the ſufferers immortal. *He cannot live, that dares not die.* There is no man ſo valiant as the Believer.

It was a proverb amongſt the Heathen, *Only Chriſtians were true deſpiſers of death.* *Zenon*'s word was, *'Tis a hard thing to put off man*; but off he muſt.

Difficile eſt hominem exuere.

It is true, fear of death (as a tribute due to Nature) is a weakneſs; yet fears be not always ill ſymptoms before death, nor in death. At that inſtant Nature will reluct to keep ſtill her Being, unto which death is repugnant, life pleaſing.

But neither life nor being are alike to all men: To an ill man; *Non naſci, Optimum Malo: The beſt had been, Not to have been.* His next beſt was, to live long. It was ill with him that he was born, worſe that he muſt die. Therefore, not being ſure of a better life, he would fain make much of this.

this. He is conſcious to himſelf, that this dying life will bring him to a living death; yet thinks *whilſt I breath, I hope*; and ſo flutters, *Inter mortis metum, & vitæ tormentum: Nolit vivere, neſcit mori*; *Betwixt fear of death, and terrour of life*; *unwilling to live, and ignorant to die.* *Dum ſpiro, ſpero.*

A good man is otherwiſe minded; he counts his end the beſt of his being, for that brings him to the fruition of his hope. *What is this man's life*, but *die to the Lord.* His word is, *Cum exſpiro, ſpero*; *When I breathe out my ſoul, I draw in hope*: My body only lived *by breathing*; my ſoul lives *by hoping*; when his breath fails him, his hope faints not. *He lived patiently, he died delightfully.* To this man, *to die as ſoon as he can*, is his deſire; therefore he ſaith to his ſoul, *Why art thou caſt down, O my ſoul! Why art thou ſo diſquieted within me? Wait on God.*

The difference of Souls, as well in dying, as living.

SOul and Soul are differenced in *dying*, as well as in *Being*. The Atheiſt dares not die, for fear of *not-being*; The ill liver

dares not die, for fear of *evil being*; the doubtfull Concience dares not die, *by not knowing*, whether he ſhall not be, or be damned: Only the good man dares and deſires to die; he is aſſured of his hope, his hope is full of immortality. *What can I fear, when I know in whom I believe?* ſaid the holy Martyr. *I am thy Salvation*, ſaith the Saviour of man.

Could death end miſery, the greateſt happineſs a wicked man would wiſh, were the act of death: But his Conſcience will not let him lie; he knows the end of his preſent miſeries, is the beginning of worſe; yea, ſuch as death it ſelf cannot terminate: for, that would be happineſs enough, had he hope there would be an end at the laſt of his miſery.

Tophet is prepared for the bad, and *Paradiſe* for the good. *As the Tree falleth, ſo it lieth.* As death leaves him, ſo Judgment ſhall find him.

There was neither death nor life, but had ſome good in it, could he have ſeen it. In life there was ſome eaſe, in death an end; But *in Hell* there is neither eaſe nor end.

Prima mors, animam dolentem pellit de Corpore: The firſt death drives the ſad ſoul out of

of the body. Secunda mors, animam nolentem tenet in Corpore: The ſecond death holds the unwilling ſoul in the body.

There is no *Platonick year*, nor year of Jubilee in this place. Could we therefore forethink what bitter pains our ſweet ſins will coſt; we would be provident, we durſt not but be innocent. *Annus Platonicus.*

But fooliſh men give away their ſouls for nothing: yet thoſe that would not fear for love, ſhall tremble for fear; and find, though too late, How much prevention is better than confuſſion. In the ſenſe of pain and horrour of conſcience, they will one day cry. *O all you that paſs by, ſee and behold, if ever any ſorrow was like my ſorrow, wherein the Lord afflicted me in the day of his fierce wrath!* Then pangs of death, anguiſh of conſcience, frights of hell, meeting all together, will render a man perfectly miſerable.

It is ſtrange that we will not be wiſe by other men's harms: for though we love our ſelves better than others, yet we ſee others better than our ſelves to die. Reaſon therefore bids us, if we would ſee our own caſe, to view it in another man's perſon, and ſo prevent that which he feels.

Seldom doth he die well, that lives ill; therefore in the courſe of your life practiſe *well-doing*, and at parting you ſhall have the comfort of *well-dying*.

Body and Soul parting.

BUt, *Oh how bitter, at that time will be the parting of Soul and Body!* We ſee old Acquaintants cannot part without tears. *What ſhall ſuch intimate familiar friends do, as the Soul and Body are, which have lived together from the womb with ſo much delight?* If the Ox loweth, when his fellow is taken from him, that drew the Plough with him; what lowing ſhall we give, when Soul and Body part? *Doſt thou part us ſo? O bitter Death, doſt thou part us ſo?*

When I go *into the bottom*, there ſhall I ſee our *nothingneſs*, ſaith the Book of *Kings*. The ſpirit at this time may be willing, but the fleſh will be loath.

Ægrè amittitur, quod valdè amatur. *That is loſt with trouble, that is too ſtrongly beloved.* Inflame my ſoul with true zeal (the true ſeal of thy holy Spirit) that it may be carried in a full courſe, with the wings of Faith and Devotion,

Devotion, where Chriſt ſitteth at the right hand of the Father.

Faith will aſſure thee, that God is thy Father: but nature will tell thee, that ſhe is thy Mother, and thou mayeſt not yet leave her. In this conflict, take heed the Mother's ſide prevail not; ſhe will play *Naomi*'s part, perſwade thee earneſtly to ſtay, and enjoy the delights of *Moab* a while longer: but reſolve thou with *Ruth*, to ſee what entertainment is for thee in *Bethlehem*, for there thou ſhalt find a *Boaz*.

In that hour, every man will make *Balaam*'s ſuit, O that I might die the death of the *Righteous!* (for no man would be miſerable, if it were enough to deſire to be happy.) *Beatus vult Homo eſſe, etiam ſi non ſic vivendo ut poſſit eſſe : Man wiſheth to be bleſſed ; although he have no mind to live ſo, as that he may be bleſſed.* Some there are, that would not wiſh to live, but wiſh they had not lived. But ſuch wiſhes will not ſerve: death will not be ſatisfied with wiſhes, nor with words. Heaven is full of good works, Hell full of good wiſhes. He muſt live godlily, that will die ſafely. We all deſire to ſhut up our laſt ſcene of Life with, *In manus tuas, Domine ; Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my Spirit.* But it is not

the laſt words a man utters, that do qualifie his ſoul. Remember how in thy life, thou haſt entertained God's Spirit: for, as we uſed him in this life, ſo he will uſe us after death. *Qualem quiſque ſe fecerit in hac vitâ, talem ſe inveniet exiens ab hac vitâ. Such as any man hath made himſelf in this life, ſuch ſhall he find himſelf, when he goes out of this life.*

At this hour, What would a man give to ſecure his Soul? *Quid dabis pro animâ tuâ tunc, qui nunc pro nihilo das illam? What wilt thou give then for thy ſoul to ſave it, who doſt ſo prodigally throw it away now for nothing?* Poor man! Never was any ſo rich as could pay the ranſome of his own Soul? a diſpleaſed Mercy asks greater ſatisfaction than an offended Majeſty.

And this know, that when thou dyeſt, thou goeſt to give account of thy Stewardſhip, That is, *of thy time loſt, of the evil thou haſt done, and the good thou haſt not done*: And thy Soul already knows in thy Conſcience, whither it is a going; *quando egreditur è corpore tuo, when it paſſeth out of thy body*; for, thy Conſcience is a Juſtice Itinerant within thee, and though thou canſt carry nothing elſe with thee, yet this

Temporis amiſſi, Mali commiſſi, Boni omiſſi.

this thou canſt not leave behind thee, that will tell thee whither thou goeſt, and what thou ſhalt look for: *Tunc, quaſi loquentia, tua Opera dicent: Tu nos egiſti: Tua opera ſumus; Te non deſeremus, ſed tecum ibimus ad Judicium: Then ſhall thy Doings, even ſpeaking aloud, ſay unto thee, Thou haſt done us, we are thy works, we will not leave thee, but will go with thee to judgment.* In that day ſhall come into men's minds (by the Divine power) in the twinkling of an eye, all their paſt good or evil works.

Memory, the Magazine of the Soul, will then recount all that thou haſt done, ſaid, or thought, all thy life long: for there needs no other art of memory for ſin, but miſery.

Man is a great flatterer of himſelf, but Conſcience is always juſt, and will never chide thee wrongfully; it always takes part with God againſt a man's ſelf: It is a domeſtick Magiſtrate, that will tell what you do at home: It is well termed the pulſe of the Soul, therefore if you would know the true ſtate of your Body or Soul, feel how this beats, that will tell you: yet take heed, you make not an Idol of your Conſcience; neither think, as ſome do, that it is a crime to make a Conſcience of

our

our actions. The book of *Wisdom* saith, That *wickedness being pressed with conscience, fore-casteth grievous things.* Fear is full of projects. *No man can have a severer judge than himself*: therefore not to fear judgement is a desperate thing; yet we pray daily, *Lord, let thy Kingdom come.* It shews a Christian courage, *to seek the Kingdom of God:* But a man had need of a good Cause that wishes the coming of his Judge.

Nemo severiorem sepso, habet judicem.

Regnum Dei postulare.

At point of death, if a man will take his aim by the best men that ever lived or died; that of *David*, *Ezekias*, yea, and of *Christ himself* (as he was man) is able to amaze any man; whenas our Saviour Christ, not many hours before he suffered, said, *My Soul is troubled, and what shall I say*; and at the very point of Death, said, *Father, if it be thy will, let this Cup pass from me.* When *David* said, *Save, Lord, for thy mercies sake: for in Death there is no remembrance of thee.* And *Ezekias* wept sore, when he was bid, *Put thy house in order, for thou must die. If the Patriarchs, if the Prophets, if the Apostles, if the Martyrs*

Si Patres, si Prophetæ, si Apostoli, si Martyres, si Christus, ipse, &c.

tyrs, if Christ himself was thus troubled at the hour of Death, *Wretched man that I am, what shall I do?* We were all to seek, but that Christ bids us, *Be of good chear, for I have overcome Death. Mors, morte redempta est: Death is redeemed by Death.* Now, there is an advantage in Death; That which was the wages of sin, is made the reward of righteousness.

Now that Death hath overcome death, and that Faith hath secured Fear; *Nec tædet me vivere, nec timeo mori; I am neither weary of life, nor afraid to die:* for, What can he fear in death, whose death is his hope? *Timor timore pellitur, ut clavus clavo pellitur: Fear is banisht by fear, as one nail is driven out by another.* So blessed a thing is death, as that no man is or can be blessed untill his Death Right precious in the sight of God, is the death of all his Saints. See then, what makes men willing or loath to die. *Obsecro te* Lucille; *Cur timeat laborem vir, mortem homo? I pray thee,* O Lucillus (said *Seneca*) *why should a valiant man fear labour, or a mortal man death?* It is the present condition of men that makes them willing or loath to die.

Nor life, nor death are alike to all men: Some can as willingly leave the world, as others

others can forbear the Court; And count him but unwiſe: *Qui os ſuum aperit aeri, ut ſe ſatiet vento; that openeth his mouth for air, that he may fill his belly with wind.* Some ſay unto themſelves, *Since the Fathers fell aſleep, all things continue as they were. They are willingly ignorant, that they may more freely ſin.* Theſe will erect to themſelves a Heaven out of Heaven, and be bleſſed before they be dead. Some pleaſant their lives as if the world ſhould always laugh upon them, though *Pejor eſt mundus cum blanditur, quàm cum indignatur: The world is far worſe when ſhe flatters, than when ſhe ſcolds.*

Liberè ignorant, ut liberiùs peccent.

Some ſay, *Let us eat and drink for to morrow we ſhall die*; and, *Poſt mortem, nulla voluptus: after death, there is no more pleaſure.* Theſe would do any thing, rather than die.

Others, thinking to pleaſe God by making themſelves miſerable, live as if they came into the world, but to act a Sad man's part, and die.

Theſe wiſh a change, hoping it will be a benefit. All weak minds ſeek eaſe in change: Therefore well ſaid the Son of *Syrach, O death, how acceptable is thy remembrance*

brance to him whose strength fails? Who is now in his last Age, and vexed with all things; and to him that despaireth, and hath lost patience? Contrariwise, O *death! how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that lieth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that prospereth in all things!* But, O *seculum nequam, quod solos tuos sic soles beate amicos, ut Dei facias inimicos!* O *wicked world, which dost only bless thy friends, so as to make them God's enemies!*

Certainly, to this man that thus lives at ease in delicacy with affluence of all things (for to use happiness is as difficult as to forbear it) to him it is a sad and bitter meditation, To think that death must take him from all these joys, wherein his heart took pleasure, though indeed pleasures are but pains in their loss. *Alas, for how small a thing, have I lost my Kingdom!* *O pro quantillo, Regnum perdidi!* said *Lysimachus*, when he gave his Kingdom for a cup of cold water.

Thus, as men differ in their condition; so do they in the acceptation of death. But, O *quàm amara mors, mundum amantibus!* O, *how bitter is death to them that love the world!*

Every

Every poor contentment glues us to that we like. And what are thoſe contentments? Vain hopes, impure pleaſures, falſe honours, dangerous greatneſs, unſatisfying wealth, ſtormy contentments, all contemptible. For all that, ſome good men covet, *Et Deum, & Mundum, ſimul complecti*; *to graſp and incloſe both God and the World together*; but that will not be; for, *Cor diviſum non amat Deus: God loves not a divided heart.* A man cannot look up to heaven with one eye, and down to the earth with the other. *Amor Dei non eſt dividendus cum terrenis: Our love of God is not to be divided with the things of the World.* Chriſt would not have his Coat divided.

If thy heart be ſet on heaven, thy ſoul will have no pleaſure in theſe low things Look upward; a good Chriſtian is high-minded:

Os homini ſublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
Juſſit.——
He with a lofty look did man endue,
And gave him power the ſtarry skies to view.

The mind contemplating heaven, walks beyond eye-ſight; and, at ſo far a diſtance, diſcerns God as if he were at hand. There be certain Subſapients ſo worldly-wiſe, as they think all other men Inſipients. To converſe with God is true ſolace. We are never

never well, but when we are converſing with others; but our converſation is ſeldom in heaven, where it ſhould be.

Moſes was with God in the Mountain, and came down gliſtering; his face ſhining. *Peter*, when he was taken up to the Mount, cried, *Faciamus hîc tria Tabernacula*; *Let us build three Tabernacles here:* Whoſoever they be that dwell in contemplation of heavenly things, ſee viſions, and come off rich in thoughts. In this ſtate, ſaid *David*, *I have more joy of heart, than they whoſe wine and oyl increaſed.* Therefore if thy heart be right, thou needeſt not fear; But a heart, and a heart, God cannot abide, *Cor extenſum, Deus amat*: *A large heart God loves.* It is noted in Nature, that the fearfulleſt creatures have the largeſt hearts. Let the fear of God enlarge thy heart, and thou needeſt not fear the day of death. For, *Dies iſte, quem, tanquam extremum aliqui reformidant*; *tibi æternæ ſalutis erit*; *That day which ſome men are afraid of as their laſt, ſhall be to thee a day of eternal happineſs:* Nor yet the face of death, for it will look upon thee, *not with an horrid face, but a fauning*; *not with a terrible, but an amiable preſence.* Here is

Facie non horrendâ, ſed blandâ; non terribili, ſed amabili.

the

the difference, The good man's hope is even in death: the world-lover ends his hope and happineſs when he dieth; As *Ahab* ſaid to *Elias*, ſo ſaith he to Death, *Haſt thou found me, O mine enemy?* whereas the other ſaith, as *David* ſaid to *Ahimaaz*, *Let him come and welcome, for he is a good man, and bringeth unto me good tidings.* He is the meſſenger of Chriſt, and bringeth unto me the joyfull tidings of everlaſting life.

Plato, diſcourſing unto one, *concerning the contempt of death*, and ſpeaking ſtrangely upon it; was anſwered, *Fortiùs loqueris, quàm vivis*, Plato: *At* Plato, *Non quemadmodum viveret, ſed quemadmodum vivendum eſſet, dicebat: Thou ſpeakeſt more bravely than thou liveſt: but he ſpake, not, as he did live, but as he ought to live.* For, A weak man's Rules may be better than the beſt man's Actions. But howſoever the Contemplation of death pleaſeth, the ſuffering of death will pinch. A man is ſatisfied, that death is a paſſing to heaven; it is that which brings us to a happy journey's end. Death is the ſhip that wafts us over to the ſhore of a bleſſed Eternity; it is that boat that is ſent to bring us to the Landing-ſtairs of our Father's houſe: Much like *Abraham*'s ſervant, that went to fetch *Rebecca*, to be married

to

to the Son of the Promiſe, when they enquired at the mouth of the Damoſel; ſhe willingly and preſently gives her conſent to go with him. So when death comes with his pale horſe for a Saint of God's he willingly gets up behind him. Or (as one) Death is like the Waggons *Joſeph* ſent to his Father *Jacob*, out of *Egypt*; when he ſaw the Waggons, it is ſaid, the good old man's heart revived within him, and he cried out, *Is Joſeph my ſon yet alive, I will go down and ſee him before I die:* So when the Saints ſee the Waggons of Death, their hearts revive; Jeſus is alive, I will go to Jeſus. *Thou ſhalt go to thy Fathers*, ſweetens the Contemplation, as did that wood, caſt by *Moſes* into the waters of *Marah*, turning bitterneſs into ſweetneſs; the thought of death (though it be but a gathering to our Fathers) would be but an unpleaſing ſtudy.

But fears being paſt, which are but ſhadows, ſet off joys the better: Therefore, now to ſee the joys that Death brings.

The joys brought by Death.

IT bringeth the godly mans ſoul to enjoy an immediate communion with the bleſſed

bleſſed Trinity in everlaſting life and glory. It tranſlateth the ſoul from the miſeries of this world, to the City of the living God. the Celeſtial *Jeruſalem*, and to the Aſſembly and Congregation of the firſt born, which are written in heaven, and to God, the Judge of all, and to the ſouls of juſt men, made perfect, and to Jeſus the Mediator of the New Covenant.

By difficult and narrow means, we attain to noble ends. The ſoul of joy lies in the ſoul's joy. It was *Samſon's* Riddle, *Out of the bitter came ſweet.* The good man's quality is to look through death at glory. When we think upon the ſeparation of body and ſoul, then it is a ſweet Contemplation, to conſider the conjunction of our bodies and ſouls with Chriſt; which being made by the bond of the Spirit in this life, ſhall never afterwards be cancelled For let death, wild beaſts, or Birds devour and tear the body from the ſoul, yet neither body nor ſoul are thereby ſevered from Chriſt.

Non curo, ſi ferarum dentes me moluerint, modò pura fiam farina Chriſto.

I care not, ſaith holy *Ignatius*, *if the teeth of wild beaſts grind me, ſo I may become pure meal for Chriſt.* And yet the body thus conſumed

ſumed, lives not in the grave, nor belly of the beaſt, nor yet receives life or ſenſe from the ſoul, nor hath aptitude in it ſelf to re-animation, whilſt it is in this Seat.

The dead tree, ſaith *Job*, *by the ſcent of water will bud again, but man is ſick and dyeth, and where is he?* ſurely, not loſt, but laid a while at reſt. But when the great Aſſizes, that general *Venite* (*Come ye*) comes; Then, look what the condition of Chriſt was in his death, the like ſhall be of his members. The body and ſoul of Chriſt were ſevered as far as heaven and the grave were diſtant; yet neither of them were parted from the Godhead; So likewiſe our bodies and ſouls, though rent and pulled in ſunder millions of miles diſtant, neither of them are ſevered or diſ-joyned from Chriſt our Head.

He that fore-told, revived: and this hath wrought it. Humane wiſedom cannot comprehend this. Weak faith looks for means, and is put to ſhifts, when ſhe ſees them fail: and yet, Reaſon miniſters help to Faith, though it be no ground of Faith: For, *Faith does not take away, but rather ſet up Reaſon.* Reaſon, the chiefeſt piece of man,

Fides non tollit, ſed potius extollit, rationem.

man, would, but cannot reach ſo high: Grace, that hath taken up the ſeat in the ſoul, makes Reaſon ſee what Nature cannot. And yet Man, do what he can, is ſtill apt to ſeek a reaſon why he ſhould believe. But Omnipotency, which works by improbabilities, tells us, there is no ſtrong Faith, where there is apparent means. Difficulties and improbabilities, are the proper objects of Faith; *Believe what thou ſeeſt not, and thou ſhalt ſee what thou believeſt not.*

Crede, quod non vides; & videbis, quod non credis.

Philoſophers ſay that Credulity upon weak grounds, is the daughter of Folly; But, as Opinion is owing unto Reaſon, ſo is Faith to Religion. With Philoſophers, to believe nothing for which they ſaw not Reaſon, was counted wiſedom: But Faith is not Faith, if Reaſon comprehend it. Faith and Reaſon have their limits: where Reaſon ends, Faith begins: Of old, it was the greateſt argument for proof of Chriſtianity, the proceeding of it contrary to Reaſon.

In Nature, we ſee that in Winter-ſeaſon, Trees which ſeem as dead, revive again in the Spring, becauſe the Body, Grains and Arms of the Tree are joyned to the Root,

Root, where the Sap lies all the Winter; and by means of conjunction it conveys vegetation to all parts of the Tree: Even ſo mens bodies have their Winter, when they are turned into duſt, *Man is a Tree-inverted, whoſe root is in Heaven, and the boughs on Earth.* Man's life lies hid in Chriſt with God; yet in the Day of the Reſurrection, divine and quickening vertue ſhall ſtream from Chriſt to his Elect, and cauſe them to riſe again from the grave to life eternal. For the Head will not be without the Members; Where he is, there they ſhall be alſo. Therefore incredulous Nature, ſhrink not at the impoſſibility of Reſurrection, when the God of Nature undertakes it.

It is noted, how, in that trans figuration of our Saviour; the body of *Moſes*, which was hid in the Valley of *Moab*, appeared in the Mount of *Tabor*; which aſſures that this body of ours (lodge it where you will) is not loſt, but laid up to be raiſed to glory, as it was laid down in duſt.

The Incineration and Diſſipation of this duſt, ſhall have a re-collection in the day of Reſurrection.

In the valley of dead bones, did not the Spirit ſay to *Ezekiel*, *Propheſie upon theſe bones, and ſay, O ye dry bones, I will cauſe breath*

breath to enter into you, I will lay ſinews upon you, and will bring up fleſh, and you ſhall live? Awake then, and ſing, you that dwell in duſt, ſaith *Eſay*; *for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth ſhall caſt out her dead. I know,* ſaith *Job, that my Redeemer liveth, and I ſhall ſee God face to face.* Our bodies, you ſee, are not caſt off by death, but put to new making. Therefore Saint *Bernard*, upon the loſs of his friend, expoſtulates thus with death; *Lo, thou haſt ſlain him, thou haſt taken poſſeſſion: but of what; not of his ſoul, but his body*: and, *Chriſt will come one day in Power and Majeſty, to ſeek after that fleſh, and to conform that rotten body to his glorious body.*

It is well for man, that his body by death becomes putrid, reſolved and crumbled to nothing; elſe how would ſome men's corps be honoured, if not adored, after death?

Sleep ſaith now unto her Siſter death, *Awake thou that ſleepeſt*; *for now is your ſalvation nearer than when you believed.*

Why then ſhould a man immoderately ſorrow, ſince ſorrow is good for nothing but for ſin; or why grieve for the death of a friend; ſince, as *Seneca* ſaith, *It is but envy, not ſorrow? Now that the Child is dead, wherefore ſhould I faſt or weep,* ſaith *David?*

Im-

Immoderate ſorrow for any loſs of any earthly thing whatſoever, is not comely in a Chriſtian. It is true indeed, The loſs of God's favour, or but the with-holding or with-drawing the comfortable light of his Countenance, or ſenſe of his ſweet favour and mercy; this, I grant, is matter, and juſt cauſe of deep ſorrow, and humiliation. In that ſad caſe, take *David*'s Harp into thy hand, his Pſalms into thy heart and mouth; and ſay, —*Why art thou ſo vexed, O my ſoul, and why art thou ſo diſquieted within me? O put thy truſt in God, for I will yet thank him, which is the help of my countenance, and my God*, Pſal. 42. 14, 15. And again in *Pſal.* 43. 3, 4. *O ſend out thy Light, and thy Truth, that they may lead me, and bring me unto thy holy hill, and to thy dwelling, and that I may go unto the altar of God, even unto the God of my joy and gladneſs*, and, *Upon the Harp will I give thanks unto thee, O God, my God.* It is a joyfull and pleaſant thing to be thankfull. To be ever thankfull, is, as it were, the pulſe, and continual motion of his Soul, which God hath enlightened and ſanctified. As *David*'s Harp drove away the evil ſpirit from *Saul*; 1 *Sam.* 23. 16. So doth *David*'s Pſalms even now drive the evil ſpirit

of immoderate ſorrow and ſadneſs from a Chriſtian's heart: I mean, if ſaid or ſung with the ſame ſpirit (though but in much lower degree) that *David* wrote them. This was one reaſon why primitive Saints, women eſpecially, could ſay all *David*'s Pſalms without book. But, O devout ſoul, thou art ſad and heavily vexed, for loſs of ſome earthly comfort and joy, as it may be, the Plague, the Fire, the Sea, or ſome other calamity, or heavy hand of God hath deprived thee of thy goods, thy husband, thy child; and after all this, of thy health. Alas for thee, good brother, or ſiſter, I have much compaſſion for thee, I cannot but mourn with thee who mourneſt. And good cauſe thou haſt to mourn, leſt God ſhould complain of thee, as he did of *Iſrael*, *I have ſmitten thee and thou haſt not grieved*, or mourned. But thou art immoderate in mourning, thy ſorrow laſts too long, it is too deep rooted in thy heart; this is not good, nor comely in a Chriſtian, who is an Heir of Heaven, and fellow-heir with Chriſt, our Deareſt Saviour.

Comfort thy ſelf, O thou faint-hearted, weak ſoul, with the calling to mind thy Saviour's Sweating, Bleeding, Crying *My God, My God, why haſt thou forſaken me*; and then

then dying, and dying for thee. Suffering infinitely more than thou doſt or canſt ſuffer. Thou ſuffereſt with Chriſt (if thou ſuffereſt patiently) and ſhalt reign with Chriſt. *Rejoyce therefore in the Lord always, and again I ſay rejoyce.* Account it all joy when you fall into divers temptations, afflictions and tryals, ſaith St. *James*, 1. 2. If *all joy*, then as little and as ſhort ſorrow as may be. Say this prayer or reſignation to God, often and devoutly.

Bleſſed Lord Jeſus, I give thee my body, my ſoul, my ſubſtance, my children, my friends, my liberty, and my life; diſpoſe of me, and of all that is mine, as it ſeemeth good to thy Divine Wiſdom, that ſo thy name may be glorified, and my ſoul ſaved through thy mercies, merits, and mediation. Amen.

Grief preceding evil, if it be uſed for a remedy, cannot be too much; But that which follows an evil paſt remedy, cannot be too little. The arreſt of death ſhall not always keep him that lies down in peace.

The bodies of Saints, ſaith *Auguſtine*, ſhall be raiſed,* *with as much eaſe as happineſs.* * For, *Death only pauſeth life, not takes it away:* it doth not diſannul, but

* *Tantâ facilitate, quanta felicitate.*

* *Nam mors tantùm intermittit vitam, non eripit.*

diſcontinue life. And by our riſing we are remitted to our better right: A life which never dies, a Morning which hath no Eve, nor ending.

Now methinks I hear Death ſay of Life, as *John Baptiſt* ſaid of Chriſt, *He that cometh after me, is before me.*

O ſweet word! *Life*, the beſt Monoſyllable in the World, God's own Attribute; *God liveth, and my Soul* (ſaith *Job*) *ſhall live, for my Redeemer liveth.*

And is this life but the Child of Death? Then bleſſed alſo be the word *Death*, the Mother of Life, *I will no more call thee Marah, but Naomi*; for, thou art not bitter, but ſweet; more pleaſant, though ſwifter in thy Gate, than the Roe or Hind. The Stoick could ſay, *'Tis Death that cauſeth that. To be born is no puniſhment.* But what ſaith St. *John? I heard a voice from Heaven, ſaying, Write, Bleſſed are the Dead, which die in the Lord, they die no more; Death hath no more power over them. All tears are wiped from their eyes.* St. *Peter* the Apoſtle had, by his Faith, cured all infirmities and diſeaſes in all places,

Mors eſt quæ efficit, ut naſci non ſit ſupplicium.

Petronella febre moritur: Rogatus Petrus, cur non illi ſicut aliis ſuccurreret; Hoc illi præſtare, rereſpondit, &c.

places, yet he ſuffered his Daughter *Petronella* to be grievouſly afflicted with a Feaver; and being demanded why he that had cured others, did not help her, he anſwered: Becauſe he knew her ſickneſs to be moſt behoovefull for her ſoul's health; for the weaker ſhe was in body, ſhe was ſo much the ſtronger in Faith, ſetting her cogitations on the Joys of Heaven.

Compare Life and Death, and you will clearly ſee how Death, which ſeems to diſpoſſeſs us of all, puts us in poſſeſſion of more than that all.

Per varios caſus, per tot diſcrimina rerûm.
Tendimus in Latium, ſedes ubi fata quietas,
Oſtendunt.——

Through many turns, & divers ſorts of chance,
To ſafe and quiet dwellings we advance.

It is *but* Being which we have by Birth; a better Being is by *Death*. *Our Being is from Nature, our well-being from Grace, our beſt-being from Glory.* Man's happy Being is *Eternity*. God's proper Name is *Being*. *Being* is our Chriſtian Name.

Fain would man be happy while he lives: But the world will ſcarce afford him a vacation unto ſorrows. No man can ſpeak himſelf happy, that hath a day to live For,

What a late evening may bring forth, he cannot tell. There is divine Philosophy in that saying, *Others bring forth the best wine first, but thou bringest that which is best last.* The end of man is better than man; whose birth is Sin, his life Folly, his death Rottenness.

Though we cannot brag of our Parentage, because *Our Father was an Amorite, our Mother an Hittite*; and it is but a windy happiness that is sought in titles taken upon others credit; yet it was happiness to me, that God wrapt me up in his Covenant, reserved me for a time of truth, derived me of religious Parents, and made me a subject to virtuous and gracious Kings. Yet, this birth brought me into a world of miseries, allowing no ceasing from sorrows, *not my very birth-day was excepted.* For crying was the first note of my Being, *a Prophet of my own future calamity.*

Here I dwell cottaged in a house of clay, whose foundation is dust; but death brings me to a habitation made without hands, everlasting in the Heavens. *My soul lifted up to things on high, wandereth among the blessed Spirits*; and that holy company receives her, where, for Love, I shall be a Son; for Birth-right, an Heir; for Dignity, a King. Here I have conversed, and had

had commerſe with men; there I ſhall have communion with Saints, fellowſhip with Angels; enjoy *that bleſſed viſion*, the immediate fruition of God and Chriſt.

O happy and ſafe condition of God's Children, whom pain thus eaſeth, death revives, diſſolution unites, ſin glorifies! *For we know* (ſaith St. *Paul*) *we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burthened, not for that we would be uncloathed, but cloathed upon; that mortality might be ſwallowed up of life.*

Old Father *Jacob*, when he was told of his Son *Joſeph*'s power in *Egypt*, was not ſatisfied to hear of his honours, but enquires of his life; Intimating, that Life to come is better than all the honours that are in *Egypt*, or fortunes that are on Earth. Nor yet did *Joſeph*'s Life content him, without his being with him: (For a good heart will be content to ſhare with others in their miſeries unbidden, but cannot endure to be happy alone:) and therefore ſaid, *I will go ſee him*, counting it better to behold with the eye, than to walk in deſires; for indeed, The beſt things that are, pleaſure us not in their being, but in our enjoying them.

The joy of ſoul and body at their meeting.

HAppineſs communicated, doubles it ſelf: theſe two Couſins, Soul and Body, as *Mary* and *Elizabeth* will haſten to meet in the Hill Countrey. And what then ſhall be the joy, when Soul and Body, ſeparate for a ſeaſon, (although in the *interim* the Soul doth not wander and obambulate) ſhall meet again in joy, and mutually enjoy one the other? The ſoul ſaying to the body, *Riſe up my love, my fair one, and come away; for loe, the Winter is paſt, the time of ſinging of birds is come.*

The ſenſe of this delight and contentment did well appear in that Meeting betwixt *Jacob* and *Joſeph*, whom mutual loſs, and ſeparation for a while, did more endear each to other.

Intermiſſion of comfort hath this advantage, that it ſweetens our delight more in the return, than was abated in the forbearance.

And was *Jacob* glad to leave his Countrey, and the land of Promiſe, to ſee his younger Son *Joſeph*, though in *Egypt*; What then ſhall be the Soul's joy, to end a pilgrimage in a ſtrange Land; and go to

ſee

ſee her elder Brother Chriſt in heaven? In this reſpect, *I deſire to be diſſolved*, was St. *Paul*'s wiſh. For this tedious mortality (pleaſant it how man can) will grow intolerable, if death do not diſ-burden it. *Long-living* ſo loads us with ſin, as ſin it ſelf tires at laſt him that loved it beſt.

It is an inmate that will rooſt with us as long as life affords it houſe-room, nor will it lodge alone, but ſtill one ſin will bring in another.

But, through death, the very body of death, and burden of ſin are caſt out both together.

Sith then the life I now lead is beſet with death, tends to death, ends in death; I will no longer miſtake terms, calling that death which is life, that life which is death: ſaying *that is death which we eſteem life, and that life, which we fear as death*; But will hold with Saint *Auguſtine. By life is a paſſage over to death, and by death a return to life.*

Per vitam, ad mortem tranſitus eſt; per mortem, ad vitam reditus eſt.

Death the Regeneration of the Soul.

I Think, The Pagans had ſome ſenſe of this, who did celebrate the day of their

death with mirth, and the day of their birth with mourning. And the conceit of those Philosophers was divine, who held, that although the soul of man was then infused, when man was made, yet it is new born when man dies. His body being the womb, death the midwife, which delivers that, to sorrow; this, to glory.

Return then to thy rest, O my Soul! for God hath dealt bountifully with thee. I can no otherwise joy in my birth, than did the Prophet *Jeremy*, who said, *Let not the day, wherein my Mother bare me, be blessed.*

Death unto the Man of this World is most bitter, but unto the man of God it is advantage; wherefore the Martyrs, and holy Confessors in old time reputed the day of their death their birth-day. The Christians did evermore celebrate the Funerals of the Martyrs; insinuating that the day of our death is better than the day of our birth; and that then only we begin truly to live, when once we die. Blessed is the hour of our death. *Even so saith the Spirit, Blessed are they that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours, and their works follow them.*

If we observe man's ingress into the world, his progress in it, his egress out of it,

it, we muſt needs wonder, and ſay with *David*, *Lord, what is man!* And yet he was a King that ſaid it.

Quis pavet? Quis flet? Quis eget?
Quis errat? Solus heu ſortes!) Homo
Sperat, optat, alget, volvit, explorat, quæritur.
Malorum omnia plena.

Tell who are they that fear, & want, & groan,
And always err; (Ah ſad fate!) men alone:
Poor man hopes, wiſheth, ſtarves, turns to & fro,
Seeks, and yet wants. So full is all of woe!

Death brings unto the godly an end of ſinning, and of miſeries which are due to ſin; ſo that after death, there ſhall be no more ſorrow nor pain; for God ſhall wipe away all tears from their eyes: for God takes away mercifull and righteous men from the evil to come. So he dealt with good *Joſiah*, *I will gather thee to thy Fathers, and thou ſhalt be put into thy grave in peace, and thine eyes ſhall not ſee all the evil which I will yet bring upon this place.* As *Paradiſe* is the Haven of the Soul's joy; ſo the *Grave* may be termed the Haven for the Body to reſt in. In this bed of earth, he that hath tryed the worſt of death, hath called it no worſe: very Heathens have termed Sleep and Death Couſins, and it is no unuſual thing,

thing for Couſins of blood, to carry both the ſame names and features.

But to aſſure, there are joys in Death, what ſaith the Scripture to well dying men? *Rejoyce and lift up your heads, for now your Redemption draweth near. This body ſhall riſe a glorious body, but a ſpiritual body,* not in ſubſtance, but in quality; like that body of the Son of God. *Unto you that fear God,* ſaith the Prophet *Malachi, the Son of Righteouſneſs ſhall ariſe with healing in his wings.*

The Third General Diviſion.

III. *When Death is to be prepared for, and how.*

The Time when.

PLato *(that God of Philoſophers)* ſaith, *There is no ſafe Philoſophy, but a perpetual meditation of Death.* And, *Without that meditation, no man can enjoy a quiet mind.* Dreadful death laughs at the vain conceipts and precepts of humane tranquillity. It is, ſaith *Scipio*, the moſt honourable Philoſophy, to ſtudy a man's mortality: *The life of a wiſe man is a meditation upon death*; Politicks ſay, *All our life we ſhould be learning to live.* But ſaith *Seneca, what thou wilt rather admire, All our life long we are to learn*

to

to die, The Divine ſaith beſt, *Think upon thy endleſs end, and thou ſhalt live without end.*

Fools would fain do at laſt, that which wiſe men do at firſt, prepare for their end. Careleſs men think the Signiory of time is at their command, to do what they liſt, when they liſt. Indeed youth and age are meaſured by government, not by time: *Time it ſelf is the meaſure of time:* but we muſt conſider, we have little power over the preſent, leſs over the future. *Menſura temporis, tempus.* *David's* example is worth the following, who cryed, *Betimes, Lord, let me know mine end, and the meaſure of my days; what it is, and how long I have to live. All the days of mine appointed time*, ſaith *Job, I will wait till my change ſhall come. Seeing his days are determined, the number of his months are with thee, thou haſt appointed his bounds, that he cannot paſs.*

Time it ſelf, which covers all that's paſt, and diſcovers all that is to come, hath now had all his changes; Nature's time is paſt. The Law which ſucceeded, is aboliſhed. Now is the Goſpel's time, after which, there ſhall be no more Changes.

Change (the great Maſter of the World) that hath his Time for his Agent, abuſeth many with the hope of Time. It is true,

There

There is nothing our own but Time, which is a ſervant equal to all, holds pace, and flies as faſt in idleneſs, as in buſineſs. So that though time well ſpent diminiſhes our time, yet when it is employed in timely preparation, it lays up time as treaſure for a future time; and this is rather a husbanding, than conſuming of time. *We have Diem perdidimus.* *loſt a day*, ſaid *Veſpaſian.* He lives in ſafety that watches his time: but in reckoning of time, moſt men miſcaſt it, counting for firſt that which is laſt, and that laſt which is firſt; beginning the account from the day of birth, whereas our deaths-day is our firſt day to life; we then ceaſing to die, when we leave to live.

Fabian *was uſed to ſay, That life is divided into theſe three times: That* is, *That* was, *That* ſhall *be: Of theſe, that which we have now, is ſhort; that which we ſhall have, is doubtfull; that which we have paſt, is certain: we are ſure of it.*

Reckon firſt with time paſt, and you may make time to come certain: *The hour is not yet come,* deceives many a man; but when the Sun comes to the Meridian, the year to the Solſtice, then look for a turning of the days: impoſe an honeſt and happy neceſſity upon thy ſelf, and think of dying timely.

The

The Scepticks put a *Peradventure*, upon all things in the world. But ſaith St. *Auguſtine*, There is no one thing in the World to be named where this word, *Peradventure*, hath no place, except you ſpeak of death; *In this caſe alone [Peradventure] can have no place.* *Hîc ſolùm, Fortaſſe, locum habere non poteſt.*

It may be ſaid of Death, as is of the Kingdom of Heaven, it comes not by obſervation. He lives not, that knows where, when or how he ſhall die. Yet none lives, but knows he muſt die.

Death is an end to all, a remedy to many, a wiſh to ſome; and deſerves better of none, than thoſe to whom it comes before it be called. Therefore ſaid one, *it is plain madneſs*, it is more than folly, not to be prepared for death. But, *if we premeditate of death as it comes on, we ſhall overcome it.* The preparation for death, makes a fruition of life; *No man can be ſaid to have lived a jot the longer, becauſe he hath gray hairs and wrinkles*; yet, never man preſerved himſelf from dying, by forgetting death. *Gerſon* brings in an *Engliſh* Man, asking a *French* Man, *How many years haſt thou lived?* How many years old are you? His anſwer was *Quot annos habes?*

I can-

Annos non habeo. *I cannot ſay that I have ſeen any years at all*, I am of no years at all; but, death hath forborn me theſe fifty years.

Look at death thorow a perſpective, that ſo it may ſeem at hand, though it be far off; *Before old age we muſt take care to live well, and in old age to die well.*

The very Heathens through nature's inſtinct, provided themſelves for death by ſacrifices to their gods. *(breath: Go! Crack the Beds, Wine, Roſes, Perfume's Yet God commands thee, to remember death.*

A fair way of dying will, is feaſible.

SOlomon ſaying, that *the day of death was better than the day of birth*, inferred that, there was a fair way of dying well: Whereunto two things were requiſite.

Firſt, a timely preparation before death, is moſt requiſite. For,

He that expects death, will eaſily bear it.

That Oracle of Moral men, wiſe *Seneca*, was wont to ſay, *It is our duty to die often, but we will not; and at laſt we die whether we will or no.* We ought often to prepare for death, and will not; at laſt, we die

Sæpe debemus mori, nec volumus; morimur, nec volumus.

die indeed, and would not. *Cæsar Borgias* being sick to death, said, When I lived, I provided for every thing but death; now I must die, and am unprovided to die.

Previous preparation becomes a wise man. *But we are all deceived with this errour, that we think none but old men approach to death: neither experience nor age can work upon us; so death, that it may more easily surprise us, shrowds it self under the very name of life.* He that sees the Basilisk before he be seen of it, avoids the poyson: See death before it comes, you shall not feel it when it comes.

Procrastination is the great enemy to preparation. This *Crow's note*, that always cries, *Cras, Cras*; *To morrow, to morrow*, cozens many a man, making him to lose to day, trusting upon to morrow. How long shall I defer, and still cry to morrow, to morrow? Why do I not now begin even this present hour? Why do I not break off my sinfull courses, and begin to live better? This I speak, and fall a weeping for the Contrition of Heart, saith *Tibullus*.

I had long since by death dispatch'd all ill,
But credulous hope promis'd life happier still:
But trust not to that, do not delay.
He, Posthumus, *is wise, liv'd yesterday.*

We

We pray daily; Lord, *Give us this day our daily bread; whilſt it is called to day:* we ſhould remember, Life is but a day, *'tis but a day, not an age.* Wherefore ſaith *Solomon, Talk not of to morrow, for thou knoweſt not what to morrow will bring forth.*

By deferring we preſume upon that we have not, and neglect that we have.

We diſpoſe of that which lies in fortunes hand, and neglect that which is our own; which made the Heathen Poet, *ſtirr'd with a divine fury,* utter this *wholſome verſe.*

Optima quæque dies, miſeris mortalibus, ævi,
Prima fugit.———

The beſt and choiceſt part of our ſhort time,
Like diſtill'd liquors draws off in our prime.

Therefore, delay not to prepare for death, till the approaches of death; *Remember thy laſt end and thou ſhalt not periſh for ever.* In evils to be prevented delay is a kind of eaſe; not ſo, in good things. Do therefore the work of the day, *in its own day.* No man can promiſe himſelf a morrow.

Fleres, ſi ſcires unum tua tempora menſem:
Rides, cum non ſit forſitan una dies.

'Twould make thee weep, knew'ſt thou but
one month's ſtay: [*day.*
And yet thou laugh'ſt when't may be not one

Every

Every man hath his day, *O Jeruſalem hadſt thou known but in this thy day; thou would'ſt not*, &c. *There is both Man's day, and God's day.* When Man's day is paſt then God's day comes; for, *life is nothing elſe but a Watch.* The Eve of another day.

A Man, ſaith *Luther*, lives forty years before he knows himſelf to be a fool; and by that time he ſees his folly, his life is finiſhed. So, Men die before they begin to live. The caſe therefore of thoſe Men is moſt unhappy; who, after forty or fifty years of days, in their miſ-ſpent time (for it was but *time*, not *life*) and now ready to die, are even then to learn how to die, when they are in the act of dying.

What a ſilly forgetfulneſs is it of mortality, to think of beginning life at that time, to which few have attained to life? Holy *Job*, *My days are paſt, my purpoſes are broken off, even the thoughts of my heart. Is there not an appointed time to man upon the earth, are not his days like the days of an hireling?*

To die well, is too buſie a work to be done well, on a ſudden. Deferring, as well as preſuming, makes many men implicite Atheiſts.

It was a ſweet ſpeech, and might well have become an elder Body, which a young innocent

innocent Child of my own, uſed in extremity of ſickneſs, *Mother, what ſhall I do? I ſhall die before I know what death is.* I beſeech you tell me what is death, and how I ſhould die. Death is the known'ſt and unknown'ſt thing in the world. Without queſtion, *There is great difference whether a Man be unwilling to ſin, or ignorant.* But *there is nothing more miſerable for a dying Man, than not to know how to die:* Nay ſaith one, *'Tis more tolerable not to be, than to be ignorant how to die.*

Sith then it is a thing as well natural as neceſſary for a man to die, it is no thanks to a man to pay that, willingly, which he muſt do of neceſſity. But in paying of this debt, Wiſedom counſels two things.

Firſt, to conſider the time, *When.*

Secondly, the means, *How.*

For the time; Seek not death in the errour of thy life. *Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not nor the years approach, wherein thou ſhalt ſay I have no pleaſure in you. Before the Silver Cord be looſed, or the Golden Ewer broken: Before the Almond tree flouriſh, and the Graſhopper be a burden; Before the keepers of the Houſe ſhall tremble, the ſtrong men bow, the Grinders ceaſe, they wax dark that look*

out

out of the windows, and the daughters of Muſick be brought low.

Barzillai being fourſcore years old, in this caſe, refuſed all the pleaſures of King *David*'s houſe, though he was kindly intreated by the King himſelf. Age or ſickneſs will make a man unapt, either to compoſe, or diſpoſe himſelf to death, *Our time flows heavy then, and ſour.* It is no fit time then to prepare to die, when it is a burden to live; ſo in the Law, God required the firſt-fruits, not the lees, for his portion. *From the womb of the morning, thou haſt the dew of thy youth.*

Old age it ſelf is a young death. Age doth ſolicite Death, Youth ſcorns it. Thy beſt health affords but time good enough for this buſineſs. Therefore dedicate not all thy times to buſineſs, for that, as well as ſloth, may rob thee of thy time. Some talents improve moſt by laying up: And who can grudge to forgo Earth, to enjoy Heaven?

Three ſigns approaching Death.

DO you deſire ſome ſigns of Death, before you prepare your ſelf for death? *There*

Tres ſunt mortis nuntii, Caſus, Infirmitas, Senectus: *Caſus dubia, Infirmitas gravia, Senectus certa denunciat. Caſus nunciat mortem latentem, Infirmitas apparentem, Senectus præſentem.*

There are three Harbingers of death, Chance, Infirmity, Old age; Chance threatens it doubtfull, Infirmity troubleſome, and Old age certain; Chance foretels an hidden death, Infirmity an apparent, Old age a preſent; Age and ſickneſs ſummon men to their diſſolution.

When *Ezekiah* had been ſick unto death, he wrote thus; *In the cutting off my days, I ſhall go to the gates of the grave. I reckoned to the morning, I ſhall walk weakly all my years, in the bitterneſs of my ſoul.*

Thus it fareth with every Man, in age or ſickneſs. When a Man begins to be ſick, his ſenſes are wholly buſied about the diſeaſe. The Phyſician is then conferring with him of the ſtate of his body: The Lawyer is then conſulted with, about his worldly eſtate: the Miniſter, touching his ſoul's health. Thy friends are then unwelcome; Strangers trouble thee; Viſits offend thee: thy own ſervants cannot pleaſe; Other men's diſcourſes tire thee; to ſpeak thy ſelf ſpends thee; and to be ſilent, grieves thee. Not to be told how thou doſt, vexes thee;

to

to be told how ill thou art, diſcomforts thee; but it moſt of all afflicts thee, to ſee thy wife and children (thoſe pieces of thy ſelf in another kind) weeping and lamenting by thee.

Thus miſerably we poor men at this time are diſtreſſed, and diſtracted, made unfit for any thing. At the hour of death, perturbations ariſing from the greatneſs of griefs, and the nearneſs of death; have great force to diſturb the ſenſes, and will diſable the heart from lifting it ſelf to God: For where dolours are, there will be our cogitations: every man in pain is prone to love his body better than his ſoul; therefore it is a madneſs in a buſineſs of the ſoul, to tarry and wait for the worſt diſpoſition of the body. A lover of virtue, at the point of death, will ſecretly ſtudy how to avoid the pains of death, which, at other times he deſpiſed. God knows a due preparation for death requires all the faculties and ſtrength of a ſound, perfect and whole man.

Think not to ſerve God with thy Dotage, when thou haſt ſerved thy pleaſures with thy Youth; God, for his ſervice, will have the young *Iſaac* of thine age. *You ſhall not ſee my face*, ſaith *Joſeph*, *except you bring your younger brother with you.*

Every

Every man naturally, when he comes near the Goal of death, even for ſome intrinſecal cauſe, though unknown to himſelf, is then weary of himſelf, and entertains life with a tedious diſlike of it. Then does the remembrance of that which we muſt repent afterwards, grow unpleaſant, diſtaſting every thing, neglecting every thought of all humane affairs.

Thoſe ſports which youth did pleaſe,
To old age grow diſeaſe.———

In the ſtraits of death, then he prays, God deliver me! then he thinks, O, how am I ſtraitned till it be accompliſhed! *Abyſſus abyſſum invocat, Depth calleth upon depth*; Sad words breathing ſorrows.

But this ſhould have been done when ſtrength of underſtanding ſerved. For, *It is too late to begin to live then, when we are to give over. O ſinfull ſoul! O cold and negligent wretch!* who, whilſt thou waſt among the living, never look'ſt to heaven; what wilt thou do, when thou art to depart from the body, ſo exceſſively beloved? Then to to ſee thy ſelf beſieged, on one hand with diſeaſes, on the other with ſtraits of death, the Worm of Conſcience gnawing, evil Spirits tempting to deſpair, thine own thoughts caſting up thy ſins. Oh miſera-

ble

ble ſoul, what wilt thou do? which way wilt thou be able to turn thy ſelf? It will be intolerable for thee to appear, and impoſſible to lie hid. Therefore be wiſe, and defer not thy repentance to this time; for at this time, theſe perturbations and confuſions will make thee unfit to think upon thy ſalvation. St. *Auguſtine* ſays well: *No man can die amiſs that hath lived well, nor die happily that hath lived wickedly.* Therefore, that thou maiſt live more ſafely, die more conſtantly; repent betimes.

Nemo poteſt male, mori qui bene vixit; nec bene mori, qui male vixerit.

The little Bee, ſo ſoon as flowers ſpring, goes abroad, views the gay Diapery, and the diverſity of the flowery fields, ſucks the ſweeteſt of them, fraights her thighs, makes a curious comb, and ſo betimes hoards up Hony in Summer againſt the Winter.

Death is that Winter; *Pray that your flight be not in the winter.* Why is the Winter harder to the Graſhopper than to the Ant? Prudence in one, and imprudence in the other, differs them. To a wiſe heart, expectation of the event is a great advantage.

Think not thou the Winter of thine age a time fit enough for this work. *Mannah* muſt be gathered in the morning: The o-

rient Pearl is generated of the morning dew.

It is too late, when time is paſt, before you begin. Happy is the man, who improves the days of his youth, to the prevention of evil. Proviſion is the beſt prevention. It is ſaid of Father *Jacob*, who was a great Traveller; that, before he died, *He pluck'd up his feet to him:* So do thou the feet of thy Soul: Thoſe cogitations and affections, on which, whilſt thou livedſt, thou didſt wander over all the world; gather them up, and then repoſe to reſt. Begin not then to turn to God, when thou canſt not turn thee in thy bed. None can be good too early. Chriſt, who, in all his Examples, meant our Inſtructions; went up to the Temple in his Nonage. The four Ages of men, are reſembled to the four vigils of the night: *The firſt ſignifies, childhood; the ſecond, youth; the third, manhood; the fourth, old age:* The firſt and laſt are ſleepy ages, the other are the vigorous times. Therefore, let a man prepare himſelf, and make himſelf ready in the ſecond and third watch. Theſe are the watches Chriſt mentions for his coming: *Bleſſed is that ſervant whom his Lord, when he cometh*

Prima, pueritiam; Secunda adoleſcentiam; Tertia, virilem ætatem; Quarta, ſenectutem adumbrat.

eth ſhall find ſo doing: But if that ſervant ſay in his heart, My Lord delays his coming; The Lord of that ſervant will come in a day when he looks not for him, and in an hour that he is not aware of, and appoint him his portion with the Hypocrites.

Repentance when to be practiſed.

REpentance alſo in the time of ſickneſs is commonly as ſick as the Party; yielding then, when it cannot reſiſt; and then preparing and repenting, when all other helps and hopes fail.

Eloquent death, *in his day*, will tell thee, the happineſs of timely repentance: An hour here may obtain a pardon, which all Eternity cannot get hereafter.

Truſt not long life, nor late repentance: One ſaith well, play not the Courtier with your ſoul. The Courtier doth all things late; riſes late, dines late, ſups late, repents late.

Late repentance is ſeldome true. The dew of thy birth is of the womb of the morning.

The end of time affords little time. *All natural motion is more ſwift towards the end.* Holy *Job* tells us, *If thy bones be full of the ſins of thy youth, they will lie down with thee*

in the duſt. But, *Let thy ſins die before death, and not follow thee to judgment:* When death hath folded up thy days, all opportunity is paſt. The Cock crowed, but that (*Gallicinium*) cock-crowing, ſo ſhrill a voice, could not awake thee; therefore *Cygnicinium*, Swan's Song, that dolefull muſick, muſt end the Scene.

Do therefore by thy conſcience, as men deal with their Stewards, call it to account. Ply time while you have it; *Imagine thy life to be a market, and that there is neither traffick nor gain to be made afterwards.*

Audies mortem dicentem, Non poſſis villicare amplius.

In a long miſled life, we amaſs many ſins: It will ask great labour to quit them. Great labour, and little time, ſuit not. *Therefore work whilſt it is day, the night cometh, when no man can work.* Watch and Pray: *Let prayer be the key of the day, and the lock of the night; Repent and be converted,* (ſaith St. *Peter*) *that your ſins may be blotted out, when the times of refreſhing ſhall come. Few and evil are the days* of the longeſt lived man; Yet to every man there is a *Triduum*, a ſpace of three days lent: but ſleep not *untill the fourth day*, leſt it be ſaid,

Sit oratio clavis diei, & ſera noctis.

He

He hath layen four days in the grave: He now ſtinketh.

One obſerveth, that God reſtored life to three men; to one in his Bed, to another on the Bier, to the third in the Grave. They that conceive ſin in their hearts, are like to him that was dead in his Bed. They that bring it forth to action, are like him that was brought forth dead on his Bier: But they that defer repentance, and continue in ſin, are like him that was four days dead and ſtank in his Grave. The Primitive Church called them *Bedrid Chriſtians*, that prepared not for death, but upon their death-bed. *Cliniei Chriſtiani.*

There is no ſafety in procraſtinating; therefore flatter not thy ſelf by the Thief's example, who repented at the laſt hour. That is not put for imitation, but to keep from deſperation.

It is a ſtrange thing to ſee that old men will not ſee death, though it be before their faces; nor young men, though it ſtand at their backs. An old gray-headed man to ſeem young, had coloured his hair black; but the Devil told him, he would not be ſo cozened.

Thou canſt not, fool, deceive all eyes:
Death ſees thee grey, through thy diſguiſe.

If a man marks things well, *the world it ſelf grows old.* The common faſhion is, to put men in mind of their death, when we doubt they cannot live; Till the Phyſician find ſome ill Symptoms, the Patient may not be diſheartened with the name of Death. *Zenas* the Lawyer, and *Luke* the Phyſician muſt have given us over, before we will ſend for *Barnabas*, the ſon of conſolation: *When the Phyſician gives over, God begins*, ſay moſt men. But at this time, draw not the curtain before the ſick, but let him ſee his ſins; for he is the good Phyſician of my ſoul that tells me of my death, when he ſees me live in ſin. But, the beſt phyſick the Patient liketh worſt.

There is not any man ſo wicked, who with his good will, would die in his ſin; yet moſt men ſo live, as if they believed *Permiſſion* were the Article of their Faith all their life long, and the Article of *Remiſſion* of ſins were reſerved till the point of death. No man that truly repents, is refuſed at any time; but many a one ſins ſo long, that he cannot repent.

Terrible will death be, when the dying man with grief for opportunity loſt, will repent that ever he lived; and would count it happineſs enough to die, ſo he might then

then ceaſe to be. But that will not be: Becauſe *Death is without death; always lives and always killeth, but never kills outright.* Death hath no death.

That which ends all is without all end. Remember the fooliſh Virgins. It will be too late to prepare oil, when the Bridegroom is coming. The warning is given, *Be ye ready, for the Son of man comes at an hour.* He ſays not *a year, nor a month; becauſe even they that are ſecure, are not certain of an hour.* He ſaith, *Lo, I come as a thief*; that is, when you ſleep beſt, and think leaſt of him. *When you neither ſee death ruſhing on, nor the judge approaching, nor the horrour of puniſhment.*

In hell, men ſleep not, becauſe here they ſlept where they ſhould have watched.

Settlement in Religion, is the beſt Preparative for Death.

NOW, as it is wiſdom, to be prepared for death; So, if you will die with peace of conſcience, and without trouble of mind, be well reſolved in point of Religion before you die: play not the Hypocrite, nor the Politick, who cares not

what Religion be, ſo ſome be; whoſe rule is, *Religion is matter of cuſtom, rather than of conſcience.*

It is true, that honeſt men muſt have ſomewhat of the Serpent, not all of the Dove. For Policy and Religion do as well together, as they do ill aſunder. Religion without policy is too ſimple to be ſafe: Policy without Religion is too ſubtil to be good. Worſe than both is prophane Neutrality, or *Laodicean* coldneſs. Never any man was a loſer by Believing: for Faith is ever recompenſed with glory. While thou liveſt, it is not amiſs to make doubts; for it ſhews wit to move a queſtion well, and it ſhews judgment to reſolve it well. Some queſtions argue rather faith than doubt; in multitude of opinions there is but one truth; and amongſt ſundry truths, there is but one neceſſary to ſalvation. But in points of difference, diſtinguiſh; for in reconcileable differences, nothing is more ſafe than indifferency: But in main oppoſitions be not neuter.

Though you move doubts, yet dwell not in doubt. For you ſhall find it a fearfull thing to die in doubt, and the comfortableſt thing under heaven, to be well aſſured, and clearly reſolved in the truth of your faith before you die. Some

Some love to ſee the object of their faith, and ſo are led to Idolatry; Others, to cooperate in the work of their ſalvation, and ſo give part to Merit. *Aſcribe nothing to thy ſelf, is ſafeſt:* There's danger in aſcribing too little to grace, for that robs God of his honour. But if we aſcribe too little to our ſelves, there is no danger on that ſide.

Firſt, If in thy youth, thy parents have taught thee good prayers, to be devoutly prayed (not ſaid only, or read only, but) with lifting up thy mind to God, twice at leaſt every day; and that from thy youth, thou haſt been conſtant in this grace or duty; chuſing rather to miſs a meal, than to forget or omit prayer.

Secondly, If beſides this, thy parents have taught thee the principles of the Chriſtian Faith, Doctrine and Religion, by teaching thee, of the Vow of Baptiſm, of the Articles of the Creed, the Ten Commandments, Lord's Prayer, and Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and preparation to it; ſome plain eaſy things.

Thirdly, If thou haſt all thy life long, often meditated upon, and called to mind thoſe five plain and holy Principles and Foundations of our Chriſtian Faith and Religion, and frame thy ſelf in ſome meaſure,

according to theſe bleſſed rules, Vow, Creed, *&c.* And,

Fourthly, If thou feareſt always, repenteſt daily; with confeſſion, ſorrow, a contrite and a broken heart, and believeſt God's promiſes to penitent ſinners, and truſteſt to be ſaved by the merits and death of our onely Lord and bleſſed Saviour, Chriſt Jeſus: I ſay, if thou haſt been thus taught, and haſt thus lived; thy Religion is right and good, *Pſal.* 27. *ult. O tarry thou the Lord's leiſure, be ſtrong, and he ſhall comfort thine heart, and put thou thy truſt in the Lord.*

But alaſs, alaſs, God be mercifull to a ſinfull Nation, our lives and converſations are not anſwerable to the good Religion eſtabliſhed. Though, thanks be to God, we want not ſome examples in our Nation, whoſe lives are holy, meek and humble. Let us follow them, as they follow Chriſt, and die daily by attending to true mortification; and we cannot be unprepared, nor unwilling to die.

When this is done then be of good cheer, for thou ſhalt hear Chriſt (the life of thy hope here, and hope of thy life hereafter) ſay unto thy ſick ſoul, as he ſaid unto the ſinfull woman; *Go in peace, thy faith hath*

hath ſaved thee, Enter thou into thy Maſter's joy.

Now of the way to die well.

HE that would end his days well, muſt ſpend them well: *'Tis no great matter to live, all do as much; but few die well.*

But Death falls ſad and heavy upon ſuch,
Are little known at home, abroad too much.

Man is ready to die before he lives; but therefore he liveth a time in the world, that he may die betime to the world. *His years come to an end as a tale that is told*; his days deceive him, for they paſs as a ſhadow, by Moon-ſhine; then appearing longeſt, when they draw neareſt to an end. *Job* ſaith, *My days are ſwifter than a poſt, they flee away and ſee no good.*

Things give counſel unto Men, better than Men do to things. Here we dwell but in Tents; and Tents we know, are ſet up to be taken down ſhortly. We that live here, live by death; for had not Chriſt died, we had not lived; He died *for* ſin, we live *in* ſin. Therefore with Saint *Paul* I will ſay; *My life is not dear to me, ſo as I may finiſh my courſe with joy.*

Do

Do you desire to live a long time? The Son of *Sirach* saith, *A man that is made perfect, in a short time fulfills a long time. And this short life if thou hast learned to use it well, is made long.* The *Spaniard* saith, *A good man lives twice.*

Vir bonus, bis vivit.

All vertuous men make life's short inch an ell; This is to live Twice, To employ life well.

He lives twice that bestows the fore part of his life well. O Hannibal, *thou knowest how to get a Victory, but not how to use it.*

Alexander had a good account of his age, reckoning by Victories, not by days; so should good men count their days by the good they do, or the sin they conquer in that day.

Numbring of days, saith Saint *Augustine*, *is not, how much is the number of thy days, but of what sort:* That's the *Golden number.*

Numerus dierum non quis sit, sed qui sit.

Saint *Hierome* saith, *Man hath three days; The day of his Conversion, of his Conversation, and of his Resurrection.* And thus doth *one day certifie another.*

Tres sunt dies hominum. Dies Conversionis, dies Conversationis, dies Resurrectionis.

Time lent us, flies away in the time that is lent us; every moment coming being the

the death of that is paſt; Therefore weigh well every leaſt moment; for it is of ſo great moment, as that upon it depends Eternity of time to come (that Eternity, which is not bounded within the Kalendar of time:) After an hundred thouſand years, Eternity is ſtill as long as it was.

The Art of dying well is better learnt by Practice, than by Precept.

Unto Dying well, three things are moſt requiſite:

1. *Firſt*, To be often meditating upon death.
2. *Secondly*, To be dying daily.
3. *Thirdly*, To die by little and little.

The firſt ſtep of dying well.

OFten meditation of Death brings a Man to die in eaſe; for it alieviates pains, expells fear, eaſes cares, cures ſins, corrects death it ſelf. The very thought of Eternity will make eaſie and pleaſant all things we ſuffer in a miſerable life.

How can we be ſaid not to die, when we live among the dead? we live with ſo many deaths about us, as we cannot but often think of dying.

Every

Every Humour in us engenders Diſeaſes enough to kill us, ſo that our bodies are but living Graves; and we die not becauſe we are ſick but becauſe we live. And when we recover from ſickneſs, we eſcape not ſickneſs, but the diſeaſe: All this life is but a death of an hour.

Do as the Preacher counſels; *What thou haſt to do, that do quickly; for in the Grave, whither thou goeſt, there is neither work, nor diſcourſe, nor travel, nor wiſdom, nor converſation, nor fruition of any thing*; all is entombed in ſadneſs, darkneſs over-ſhadowing it. Holy *Job* ſaith, *So am I made to poſſeſs months of vanity, and wearyſome nights are appointed me: When I lie down, I ſay, when ſhall I ariſe, and the night be gone? and I am full of toſſings to and fro, unto the dawning of the day.*

Play then the Wiſe man's part; Meaſure not life *by the extent, but employment.* Life is ordained for action, not for fruition. If thou haſt any good to do for the Church, the Common-wealth, or thy Friends, *do it quickly:* For though he be happieſt that can enjoy a little with the peace of an honeſt heart; yet if thou haſt much goods laid up in ſtore, make thee friends with thy Mammon. For, *Thy goods*

are

are then truly good, if thou beeſt good. Though ſecurity reſt in a mean eſtate, yet there is pleaſure in abundance; and for a ſpiritual end, temporal bleſſings may be deſired. *Abraham* was rich in Cattel, and Silver, and Gold, in great meaſure; but richer in faith above meaſure. But ſing not a *requiem* to thy ſoul; nor ſay vainly, *Let us live merrily as long as we live*; and, *Let Fortune diſpoſe all at a venture, as ſhe pleaſeth:* for ſo doth a mind uncertain of ſucceſs relieve it ſelf with poſſibility: *But if thy heart were not fooliſh, thou wouldſt not believe a fooliſh thing.* Wiſdom is Fortune's Miſtreſs; wait on her, and remember, *This night.* The day of vanity being paſt, the night of judgment comes; when both light and delight go out together.

Excellently doth the Book of Wiſdom deſcry the thoughts of a vain voluptuous man, one that thinks himſelf, *the God of the Earth*, when he is but *an earthly God.* This Man reaſoning with himſelf, but not aright, ſaith, Our life is ſhort and tedious; againſt death there is no remedy, from the grave there is no returning; we are born at all adventures, and hereafter ſhall be, as if we had never been: For what is our life? even as a vapour that appeareth for a little time,

time, and then vaniſheth away. Our breath is ſmoak, a little ſpark in our hearts, which being extinct, our body turns to aſhes: and our ſpirit vaniſhes like ſoft air. Come on therefore, let us enjoy the good things that are preſent, let us fill our ſelves with coſtly Wine and Ointments: Let no Flower of the Spring paſs by us: Let us crown our ſelves with Roſe-buds; leave tokens of our jollity, for this is our portion, and our lot: Let our ſtrength be the Law of Juſtice, for that which is feeble is nothing worth.

The righteous Man is not for our turn, he is always contrary to our doings, he upbraideth us with the Law, objects to our infamy the tranſgreſſion of our education. He was made to reprove us; He is therefore grievous to us, his life is not like other men's, his ways are of another faſhion.

Such things theſe vain men have imagined, but they are deceived: when they caſt up the account of their own ſins, they ſhall come with fear, and ſay with ſorrow, this was he whom we had ſometimes in deriſion, and made a Proverb of reproach. We fools accounted his life madneſs, and his end to be without honour. But how is he now numbered amongſt the happy, and his lot amongſt the Saints? What hath pride profited

profited us, or what hath riches with our vauntings brought us? All these are passed away like a shadow, and as a Post that runneth by. This verifies that saying: *That which is delightfull, is but short; but that which shall torment, is eternal.*

In vain doth man strive to have that which he cannot enjoy, or to enjoy much by mere relation. The rich man hath not so much advantage of the poor, by enjoying, as the poor hath of the rich by leaving.

Sadly and suddenly shalt thou find all worldly pleasures turned into waking dreams. *They have slept their sleep, and all the men of riches have found nothing*, saith the Psalmist, *Psal.* 76. 5.

Notwithstanding, Man while he lives, fancies many things, and covets without end, but all to no end. *And whose shall those things be, which thou hast gotten?* Either they pass from you, or you from them. *That is not ours which is not always ours*: but these things, *If they have not an end of their own, yet they will have thy end.* All the towers in the air that thou hast built, *shall be thrown down at one blow.* Ere long, two ells of earth shall serve, whom scarce a world could satisfie. Holy *Job* saith, O *that thou wouldst hide me in the grave, so*

man

man lieth down, and riſeth not, till the heavens be no more; they ſhall not awake, nor be raiſed out of their ſleep.

Privacy with Death, a ſoveraign or Cdial againſt Death.

THerefore be acquainted with Death betimes; for through acquaintance, death will loſe his horror; like unto an ill face, though it be as formidable as a monſter, yet often viewing will make it familiar, and free it from diſtaſte: walk every day, with *Joſeph*, a turn or two in thy garden with death, and thou ſhalt be well acquainted with the face of death; but ſhalt never feel the ſting of death: Death is black, but comely. *Philoſtrates* lived ſeven years in his Tomb, that he might be acquainted with it, againſt his bones came to lie in it. Some Philoſophers have been ſo wrapt in this contemplation of death, and immortality, that they diſcourſe ſo familiarly and pleaſingly of it, as if a fair death were to be preferred before a pleaſant life.

This is well for *Nature*'s part; and Moraliſts think this enough for their part to conceive ſo: But *Chriſtians* muſt go further;

ther; and ſearch deeper: *They* muſt try where the power of death lies. They ſhall find that the power of every man's death lies in his own ſin; That death never hurts a man but with his own weapons: It always turns upon us, ſome ſin it finds in us. *The ſting of death is ſin*: Pluck out the ſting, death cannot hurt us. The way to die well, is to die often. Let a man often and ſeriouſly think of dying, then let him ſin if he can, ſaid *Picus Mirandula*. And herein is our happineſs; though we live in ſin, yet we die without ſin. Therefore to me death is welcome; not as an end of troubles, but of ſin. *Into thy hands I commend my Spirit, for thou haſt redeemed me, O Lord God of Truth.*

The Second Step, To be dying daily.

THE ſecond ſtep to dying-well, is, to die daily. Methinks, O my Soul, it is but yeſterday ſince we met, and now we are upon parting; neither ſhall we, I hope, be unwilling to take our leaves: for, what advantage can it be to us to hold out longer together? one piece of me cannot but grow more infirm with uſe and time, and there-

thereupon muſt follow a decay of all faculties and operation: We know *Henoch* was more happy, that was fetch'd away at *three hundred ſixty five years*, than *Methuſelah* at *nine hundred ſixty and nine* difference. Age doth nothing but pull down a ſide, where there are not ſupplies of increaſing abilities Should we continue our partnerſhip many years longer; could we hope for more health and ſtrength of body, more vigour of underſtanding and judgment, more heat of good affections? Are we not aſſured that if our earthly houſe of this Tabernacle were diſſolved, *we have a building of God, an houſe not made with hands, eternal in the heavens*? Why therefore, O my Soul, ſhouldſt thou be loath to part upon fair terms? Thou, O my Soul, to the poſſeſſion of that happy Manſion, which thy dear Saviour hath, from all Eternity, prepared for thee in his Father's houſe: and thou, O my body, to that quiet repoſitory of the grave; till ye both ſhall happily meet in the bleſſed Reſurrection of the Juſt.

I die, that I may not die. I die daily, ſaith Saint *Paul. So many daies as thou liveſt, reckon ſo many lives; for he that diſpoſeth all his days as one life, can neither wiſh nor fear to morrow.*

The

The old ſaying, is a good ſaying; Do that every day, which thou wouldſt do the ſame day that thou dieſt. *'Tis an excellent thing to make all we can of life, before death:* But moſt men *go out of life, before they think of death.* Let it be done *willingly*, what we muſt do *neceſſarily*; and what we can do but *once*, let that be done *well:* Yield that readily as a gift, which you muſt pay as a debt at laſt. Did men think that death were onely an end of life, and no more; every man, for his own ends, would be a diſturber of the world's peace while he lived, and make his own peace but juſt when he died.

Bonum eſt conſumere vitam ante mortem

He that dies daily, ſeldom dies dejectedly; *He does eaſily deſpiſe death, who remembers himſelf to be mortal every day:* Likewiſe, He that will live when he dies, muſt die while he lives. For if he die not to ſin while he lives, his ſin will live in him when he is dead.

The widow that lives in pleaſure (ſaith St. *Paul*) *is dead while ſhe lives.* Live holily, and you ſhall die happily: Live as though there were no Goſpel; Die as tho' there were no Law. *Strive to be ſuch in thy life, as thou wouldſt deſire to be at death.*

Two

Two ſorts of Death, whereto every man living is ſubject.

A Living Man is ſubject to a double death; the one *Natural*, the other *Spiritual*. Natural death doth but ſeparate the body from the ſoul: But Spiritual death ſeparates the ſoul from God. Of all other it is the moſt deſperate ſtate of life to live naturally, and to be dead Spiritually: *Thou haſt a name to live, but thou art dead*, ſaid S. *John* of the Church of *Sardis*. But of the Prodigal child, returned from his evil ways, it is ſaid, *This my ſon was dead, but is now alive.*

In *Sardis* there grew an Herb called *Appium Sardis*, that would make a man lie laughing when he was deadly ſick: Such is the operation of ſin. Beware therefore of this [*Riſus Sardonicus*] laughter of *Sardis*.

We count it a fearfull thing for a man to be author of his own death; but a ſinfull life ſlays the ſoul: and ſo while we live, we kill or loſe our better life. The Commandment that ſays, *Thou ſhalt not kill*, eſpecially forbids the murthering of our own Souls.

Certainly that which deprives us of our better life, makes of all other the worſt death.

death. It is therefore holy wiſedom, for a man to let his ſins die before him. *Let thy vices die before thee*; they, actually; thou, virtually: that ſo when thou art to die indeed, thou have nothing elſe to doe, but to die.

Thou art afraid of a bitter, ſudden, troubleſome death: would'ſt thou have it delightfull, holy and quiet? it is in thine own power to make it ſuch as thou wouldſt have it.

If Riches, Honours, Pleaſures have taken thee, leave them ere they leave thee; and ſay unto them, as *Job* ſaid to his Friends, *Miſerable comforters are you all.*

The company is put forth that the Maid may be raiſed, ſaith St. *Mark*. *Turba ejicitur, ut puella excitetur.* Thy ſoul lies as that Damoſel, in trances of death, while ſhe is in the Chambers of pleaſure, and is not raiſed to life; *Untill that troop of worldly cares and pleaſures be thruſt out.*

There is nothing wherein wiſedom is more ſeen, than in the temperate uſe of pleaſures and proſperity (which are but falſe notes of truth:) nor is there a truer argument of folly, than vainneſs and exceſs. *The eyes of fools are always in the ends of the earth*; but, trail not after them.

Sufficient for the day is the ſorrow thereof. A day's ſickneſs will make us ſenſible of life's

life's grief: yet, if life do delight thee (because *Ironies* do deny ſtrongeſt in affirming) *uſe it, enjoy it*. But take my counſel, keep life in exerciſe of ſome Calling. For you ſhall find, that exerciſe is no more wholeſome for the body than the ſoul: *'Tis no delicate matter to live*; we muſt labour in ſome Calling. Wherefore, to ſee well-born men to deſpiſe honeſt Callings, as now adaies they do, is a pride without profit. And though pride and idleneſs have at this day baniſhed thrifty diligence out of great mens houſes; yet we ſee, gallant *Abſalom* was a great Sheep-Maſter: *Uzzia* the Potent King of *Judah* had not been ſo great a King, had he not been ſo great a huſband: Good examples are theſe, to teach us, That the fortunes of great men, and the bravery of Courtiers, muſt be built upon the grounds of Frugality; Frugality and Humility, are thriving virtues: Were a Calling but to keep a man from idleneſs, yet were it a goodneſs: for, the induſtrious man is ſeldom at leiſure to ſin; whereas the idle man hath neither leiſure nor power to avoid ſin. Induſtry in any Calling makes a man capable of better employment, whereas idlers are fit for nothing but temptations. Time ſpent in hollow

hollow viſits, Courtings, Fantaſtick dreſſings, Lawleſs diſports, all turn to loſs.

But however thou entertaineſt Life, uſe it as a *Traveller* doth his *Inn*, for a night, and away: *Yeſterday thou arrivedſt at it, to morrow thou art to depart.* *Heri appuliſti: Cras decedes.* And in thy journey, follow not the common track: For, *He that goes to God, if he go the common road, goes a great way aſide.* *Ad Deum faciens iter, per trita ſi itur, longius alitur.* But do as a doubtfull Pilgrim, ask queſtions of every one you meet, to ſet you on your way; leſt, as St. *Paul* ſaith, *a Promiſe being made us of entring into reſt, we come ſhort of it.* Herein be as great a queſtioneſt as thoſe Religious Ladies of *Rome*, who never let St. *Hierom* reſt for queſtions, which was the readieſt way to Heaven? The world is full of queſtions, but the beſt queſtion in the world, is that of the young man in the Goſpel: *Good Maſter what ſhall I do, that I may have eternal life?* Some men's queſtions are inſtructions, and are meant to teach rather than to learn. Yet, in any caſe, be none of thoſe Quæriſts, who muſt have a reaſon for every thing in Religion; who think to come to God by cunning, and by reaſon, not by faith. As

if none but good wits could ever come to God. But this is true; Humane reaſon well improved makes us the more capable of Divine. Therefore it is an ignorant conceit, that skill ſhould make men *Atheiſts*, when we find it in the Goſpel, that no men were ſo apt to ſee the Star of Chriſt, as thoſe Wiſe men (the Diſciples of Philoſophy.)

Be dying daily, and you ſhall ſoon come to God. If a man would compare the fore-noon of his age with the after-noon; and obſerve how long the one is, and how ſhort the other is; every man would be dying daily, and loath to loſe a day.

Thou haſt made my days as an hand-breadth. According to *David*'s meaſure, Life is a Span; the longeſt liver hath but a handfull of days; and life it ſelf like a Circle, always begins where it ends.

It was when it was not, but it ſhall be.

Time was, when man was not: but how late a beginning ſoever man had, yet after death, he ſhall be ſure never to ſee end; therefore remember the Chriſtian Motto,

Annos æternos ſem. per in mente habe. *Have in thoughts always the years of Eternity.*

With the *Ancient of days* there are no days; and the *time ſhall be, when time ſhall be no more. That which is over and above, is only above.*

Two

Two common Errors.

THere are two two common Errors which deceive moſt men.

Firſt, That a man enters not into eternal life, till he dies; whereas his effectual calling here begins his life eternal. *This day is ſalvation come unto thy houſe*, ſaid Chriſt to *Zachæus*, when he called him from the Tree.

Faith prevents time; and makes things future, preſent.

A pious man ſo lives here, as if his converſation were in heaven; carrying himſelf not onely honeſtly, civilly and humanly, but beyond natural comportment: his preſent life ſeems ſuper-humane, divine and ſpiritual; and ſo by leading a life heavenly, begins heaven here. *Bleſſed is he*, ſaith St. *John, that hath his part in the firſt reſurrection, for the ſecond death ſhall have no power over him.*

The ſecond Error is, However a man lives, yet if at laſt he ſeem to die well, then all is well, and his ſoul is ſure to be ſaved.

This is a bold, and a dangerous conceit; for though Miſery be the object of Mercy, and Hope the miſerable man's God; yet

humane life, as it hath not a greater Friend, ſo many times not a greater Foe, than Hope. *The delay of good, is a certain kind of evil:* Suſpended hope, is but a ſad comfort.

Dilatio boni habet rationem mali.

Yet many would die, did no hope ſuſtain them: but more have died, flattered with vain hope. *Not every one that ſaith, Lord, Lord, ſhall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.* Enter into the firſt degree of life Eternal here, or thou maiſt die eternally, with *Lord have mercy upon me,* in thy mouth.

Wherefore I deſire to have my part here in the firſt reſurrection, which is from ſin to grace: that ſo I may enjoy the ſecond reſurrection, which is from duſt to Glory. *Thou haſt brought me,* (ſaith *David*) *out of the duſt of death.*

To die by little and little, the third ſtep.

THE third ſtep to dying well is, to die by little and little.

Naturally we are every day dying by degrees: the faculties of our minds, the ſtrength of our bodies, our common ſenſes are every day decaying, by little and little: every ſin is more than a diſeaſe, and wicked

ked life makes a continual death. *Impiè vivere, eſt diu mori*; *To live wickedly, is to be long a dying*: Therefore ſaith the good Man, *We are killed all the day long.* *Toto die mortificamur.*

He that uſeth this courſe every day. To die by little and little, to him (let Death come when it will) it can neither be terrible nor ſudden.

If we keep a Courſer to run a Race, we lead him daily over the place, to acquaint him by degrees with all things in the way, that when he comes upon his ſpeed, he do not ſtart or turn a ſide for any thing he ſees. So let us inure our ſouls; and then *we ſhall run with boldneſs the race that is ſet before us, looking to Jeſus, the Author and finiſher of our ſalvation.*

To die by little and little, is firſt to mortifie our leſſer ſins, and not to ſay with *Lot*, *Is it not a little one?*

We may not waſh our hands of crying and bloudy ſins; and hug in our boſoms beloved and Herodian ſins, ſins of higher tincture: *This is to bear with, not to bear away ſin.* Saint *Auguſtine* ſays finely, *Delinquencies delighted in are to be forſaken.* *Delicta dilecta ſunt reliquenda.* Men commonly diſcard thoſe ſins they can beſt

ſpare, but retain thoſe they love beſt; and, by changing them into better terms, would turn them from being ſins; as *Pride*, that diſcontented ſin, muſt be counted State; Vanity, Civility; Diſſimulation, Courtſhip; Anger, Courage; Wantonnizing, a trick of youth; *Swearing, a certain kind of diſcourſe rather than ſin*; but take heed ſpecially of theſe ſins, that make a virtue a ſin, and ſin to ſeem a virtue.

Many vices counterfeit themſelves to be virtues. A man, ſaith *Plato*, may do ill; but to diſguiſe it, or defend it, is to out-face Truth. Sin's property is, to work upon ſome vice; but to be proud in that you are not proud, is a *Phœnix*-pride. So, to be drunk for company is a ſin, worſe than ſin: for, other ſins move ſhame, but hide it; this diſplays it. Therefore forced healths at great Feaſts is a barbarous faſhion: At *Aſſuerus*'s Feaſt every mans rule was his own choice; and the civility of the very Pagans commanded liberty of their Cups.

It is hard to commit a ſingle ſin; yet of ſinners, if either party be wiſe, both may eſcape.

They cannot want retentives from ſin, that live either amongſt friends or enemies; for, *friends* may not be grieved; *enemies* may not be provoked. Be

Be wiſe therefore in good fellowſhip; no man is ſo wicked as to be addicted to all kind of vices; for betwixt ſome vices there is an antipathy; nor is any man ſo lewd, as not to be ſometimes in good moods, and diſlike ſome ſins. The world were not to live in, if all ſins were affected by all men. But certainly great ſins will never be conquered, if little ſins be cheriſhed: formal penitents will eaſily part with ſo much of their ſin, as may abate nothing of their profit.

There be alſo a ſort of little deaths, ſickneſs of body, loſs of friends, and the like: Uſe theſe in their kind, and you may make them kindly helps to dying well.

Modeſt beginnings have hopefull proceedings, & happy endings; proceed therefore by degrees. The Prophet *David* went ſtep by ſtep, and ſo *compaſſed God's Altar*; God himſelf made nothing abſolute at firſt. This great God loves to have degrees kept. *Degreeingly* to grow to greatneſs is the courſe of the world. Wherefore they ſay in Court, he is out of the danger of folly, whom a ſpeedy advancement leaves wiſe.

Every change is a certain imitation of death. Let a man go out as he came into the world; which was, firſt by a life of *Vegetation*, then of *Senſe*, afterwards of *Reaſon*.

David preſcribes us this order, when he ſays, *O Lord, teach me and guide me.* He will not run, till he be taught to go.

Teach me to do thy Will, and lead me, O Lord, into the Land.

What Land is that? There is Land on earth; which by labour yields us all pleaſure; that's not it.

There is *refined earth*; beautified bodies which we bear about us: Nor is this it.

There is *the glorious Land of promiſe*; that's the Land we ſeek. Into this Land, *O Lord, lead me.*

To die daily, is this: daily to attend upon and exerciſe that great duty of Mortification, according to our ſolemn Vow and Covenant made to God, at our Baptiſm: which Vow and Covenant, we renew, at our firſt coming to the holy and bleſſed Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Alas, how few do conſider, or underſtand this great duty of Mortification, and fewer practiſe it. And yet this, above all others, is the Grace which fitteth and prepareth us for Death; this Grace putteth us into the poſſeſſion of life Spiritual; and, by perſeverance in it, into life Eternal, *Rom.* 8. 13. *If ye live after the fleſh*; that is, after the apperites, luſts, affections of the fleſh, *ye ſhall die,*

die, both the firſt, and the ſecond death. *But if ye, through the Spirit*, enlightning and aſſiſting you, *do mortifie the deeds of the body*, the concupiſcences and ſins which are done in the body, *ye ſhall live* the life of Grace on earth, and the life of Glory in Heaven. *All that are* truly *Chriſt's, have Crucified* and Mortified (or at leaſt begun this great good work) *the fleſh, with the affections*, paſſions *and luſts*, Gal. 5. 24. If we either hope to appear with Chriſt in glory, or fear the wrath of God, which cometh on the Children of diſobedience; (as ſurely, all good Chriſtians have both this *fear*, and this *hope* in their hearts;) we muſt *mortifie our members, that are on the earth, Fornication, Uncleanneſs, Inordinate Affection, evil concupiſcence, and covetouſneſs, which is Idolatry*, Col. 3. 4, 5, 6. Few of us are prepared for death, or willing to die, becauſe we are altogether unmortified to the pleaſures, riches, and honours of theſe our vile bodies, and of this wicked world wherein we live. But give me a perſon, young or old, rich or poor, who doth day and night, meditate upon, and exerciſe himſelf in, true Chriſtian Mortification; ſuch perſons there are, no doubt, (for ſuch were all the holy Martyrs and

Saints in all Ages,) and he will ſay ; *For me to live, is Chriſt ; and to die, is gain.* I am not afraid to die; I am not aſhamed to live. *My life is hid with Chriſt in God,* I am crucified and dead to the world, and the world to me; we are agreed : I have nothing to do with the world, nor the world with me. Riches, pleaſures, honours tranſport me not, affect me not ; nor am I dejected and afflicted with poverty, common pains, ſickneſſes, diſgrace or ſcorn. Chriſt liveth in me, and I in him ; therefore, I humbly thank the power of his grace, I can die as willingly as I can go out of one room into another.

Behold the power and victory of true Chriſtian Mortification ; let no man be ſo ignorant and ſimple as to think to die happily all at once: no, no, we muſt be dying daily, many years together, before we can be willing to die; and the ſoul glad to depart out of the priſon of the body, and to enter into the Maſter's joy. (*Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly,* ſaith the wearied ſoul.) Mortifie totally and finally all ſin, and ſinfull luſts in me; and ſo ſhall I live for ever and ever, with my God, through our Saviour's Merits, Mediation and Interceſſion. *Amen.*

For

For the manner of dying.

AMongſt men it is a matter of chief mark, the manner of a man's death.

The chief good of man, is his good departure out of this life.

Summum hominis bonum, bonus ex hac vita exitus.

Before you die, ſet your houſe in order: He that hath not a houſe, yet hath a ſoul: no ſoul can want affairs to ſet in order, for this final diſſolution.

The chief grace of the Theatre, is the laſt Scene. It is the Evening that crowns the day; and we think it no good ſign of a fair Morrow, when the Sun ſets in a cloud:

The end crowns every work.

Finis coronat opus.

Yet I perſwade my ſelf, that night cannot but be happy, whoſe day hath been holy.

David, in a deep contemplation upon the manner of man's dying, ingeminates the word, ſaying, *O Lord, Lord, the iſſues of death belong to thee.*

Live religiouſly, and thou ſhalt die comfortably.

All men, as men, die naturally: as Chriſtians, ſhould die religiouſly. The good man can equally live or die; for he knows,

if

if he live, God will protect him; if he die, God will receive him.

Be faithfull unto death, and I will give thee a Crown of life, ſaith *Chriſt*.

Now when this great Adverſary, Death, like a proud Giant, comes ſtalking out in his fearfull ſhape, inſults over our frail Mortality, daring the world to match him with an equal Champion; while an whole hoſt of worldlings ſhew him their backs for fear; the true Chriſtian (armed only with confidence and reſolution of his future happineſs) dares boldly encounter him, and can wound him in the forehead (the wonted ſeat of terrour) and trampling upon him, can cut off his head with his own ſword; and victorioufly returning, can ſing in triumph, O *death, where is thy ſting? O grave, where is thy victory?* An happy victory! We die, and are not foiled; yea, we are conquerors in dying; we could not overcome death, if we died not.

That diſſolution is well beſtowed, that parts the ſoul from the body, that it may unite both unto God. All our life here is but a Vital death; how advantagious is that death that determines this falſe and dying life, and begins a true one, above all the titles of happineſs! The *Epicure* or

Sadducee

Sadducee dare not die, for fear of not being. The guilty and looſe Worldling dares not die, for fear of being miſerable. The diſtruſtful and doubting Semi-Chriſtian dares not die, becauſe he knows not whether he ſhall be miſerable, or not be at all. The reſolved Chriſtian dares, and would die, becauſe he knows he ſhall be happy; and looking merrily towards heaven (the place of his reſt) can unfeignedly ſay, I deſire to be diſſolved. I ſee thee, my home, I ſee thee (a ſweet and glorious home after a weary Pilgrimage) I ſee thee with admiration and raviſhment of Soul! and by the goodly beams that I have ſeen, gueſſed at the glory that is above them! How oft have I ſcorned theſe dead and unpleaſant pleaſures of earth, in compariſon of thine! I come now (my Joys) I come to poſſeſs you.

Moſt men wiſh a ſhort Death, becauſe death is always accompanied with pain. *We die groaning.* To lie but an hour under Death is tedious, but to be dying a whole day we think beyond the ſtrength of humane patience: He that *deſires to be diſſolved, and be with Chriſt*, dies not only patiently, but delightfully. Happy is he, that after due preparation, dies ere he be aware;

So

So likewiſe is he happy that, by long ſickneſs, ſees death afar off; for the one dies like *Elias*, the other like *Eliſha*: both bleſſedly.

The beſt poſture to be found in when Death comes, is in the exerciſe of our calling: *Preſs*, ſaith St. *Paul*, *towards the mark for the prize of the high calling*. Phil. 3.

When thou art heavy unto death, then ſhew a lively Faith, for at that time a ſtupid patience is worſe than paſſion. When thou art ſpeechleſs, uſe that, *Silentium loquax*, *ſpeaking ſilence*; tears from thy heart. *Tacuit* Petrus, *ſed flevit*: Peter *was ſilent*, *but he wept*; and it was accounted to him for eloquence: for, *Affectum prodidit*, *it diſcovered his affection*. A tear is but a diſſolved Pearl, a Pearl but a condenſed Tear: At this time turn Words into Tears, and they will turn Pearls. He that made the mouth, is not taken with words. *A broken and a contrite heart*, *O God*, *thou wilt not deſpiſe*.

When thou art dying, lie ſorrowing for thy ſins, yet not deſpairing; for there is joy in grief, where the ſorrow is for ſins; *I am the man*, ſaith *Jeremy*, *that hath ſeen ſorrows*: But this *grief of ſin*, makes *a joy in ſorrow*. *There is more joy in heaven for*

one

one ſinner that repenteth, than, &c. Luk. 15.7.

Before thou dieſt, vow thy ſoul to God; for he that commands thee to vow, will help thee to pay. Offer ſacrifice upon the Altar of thy heart; If thou haſt not a Lamb, that is, Meekneſs; or Bullock, that is, Bountifulneſs; yet offer a young Pigeon, that is, Well-wiſhing; or a pair of Turtles, that is, a Groan; a ſound of ſorrow, that thou haſt no better. As God loves not empty hands, ſo he meaſures fulneſs by the affection.

Thoſe that have moſt ſtudied Men, and Stories, do obſerve, that the greateſt Men and beſt Wits, when once they come to find their own mortality, do then with ſtrongeſt reſolutions quit the World: apply themſelves wholly to devotion; and ſo end their days with the moſt quietude in peace.

A good Man, by his good will, would die praying; and do as the Pilgrim doth, go on his way ſinging, and ſo adds the pains of ſinging to that of going; Who yet, by this ſurplus of pain, unwearies himſelf of pain.

But ſome wretches think God rather curious, than they faulty, if a few ſighs, with a [*Lord have mercy upon us*] be not enough at the laſt gaſp.

Weakneſs muſt not argue, but yield; God hath

hath ſaid it, and they ſhall find it. *Not every one that ſaith Lord, Lord, ſhall enter into the Kingdom of Heaven; but he that doth the will of my Father which is in Heaven.*

Commonly good men are beſt at laſt, even when they are dying: for they ſeldom die of a ſin-ſickneſs.

It was a ſpeech worthy the commendation, and frequent remembrance of ſo divine a Biſhop as *Auguſtine*, which is reported of an aged Father in his time; who, when his friends comforted him on his ſick bed, and told him, they hoped he ſhould recover; anſwered, *If I ſhall not die at all, well; but if ever, why not now?* Surely it is folly, what we muſt doe, to doe unwillingly. I will never think my Soul in a good caſe, ſo long as I am loath to think of dying; and will make this my comfort, not that I ſhall yet live longer, but I ſhall yet do more good; *For thou ſhalt come to the grave in a full age, like as a ſhock of corn cometh in his ſeaſon:* Job 5. 26.

The ſickneſs of the ſoul hath this advantage of the bodies ſickneſs; it never languiſheth under the Phyſician's hand; when it ſeems at worſt, then it is beſt; *no ſooner*, ſaith *David*, *I am ſick*; but *Nathan* tells him, *Thou art well*; no ſoonner ſays he, *I*

have

have ſinned,and muſt die; but the Prophet tells him, *The Lord hath put away thy ſin, thou ſhalt not die.* Thus doth repentance make pardon co-ætaneous with the fault.

But it is juſt with God, that they who live without repentance, ſhould die without comfort. Woe is him, whoſe bed is made in Hell! Know this, and believe it, all our happineſs here is holineſs,and holineſs hereafter ſhall be our happineſs.

There is no Spectacle in the world ſo profitable, or more terrible, than to behold a dying man; to ſtand by, and ſee a man diſmanned. *Curiouſly didſt thou make me in the loweſt part of the earth*, ſaith *David:* but to ſee thoſe Elements which,compounded, made the body: to ſee them divided, and the man diſſolved, is a rufull ſight. So dependent is the life of Man, that it cannot want one Element; Fire and Air, theſe fly upward; Water and Earth, theſe ſink downwards: ſo living Man becomes a dead carcaſe; *The breath of Man goeth out, he turns again to Earth, and then all his thoughts periſh.* And what is Man, but for his thoughts?

Every dying Man carries Heaven and Earth wrapped up in his boſom,and at this time each part returns homeward.

Seneca

Seneca thought a man might chuſe his own death, which was ſome eaſe to him. *As being to ſail* (ſaith he) *I may be allowed to chuſe my ſhip; and, to dwell in any place, my houſe: ſo it is as meet that I chuſe that kind of death, by which I ſhall depart from this life.*

But better ſaith another, *Theſe things are fooliſhly cared for; Every man ought to approve his life to others, but his death to himſelf alone.*

But ſince it is ſo great a matter to die, ſo neceſſary to die well, ſo dangerous to die ill, let your life be an acting of death. That life is well adventured, where it is a gain to loſe it.

Certainly death hath great dependency on the courſe of man's life, and life it ſelf is as frail as the body which it animates. Auguſtus Cæſar *accounted that to be the beſt death which is quick and unexpected, and which beats not at our doors by any painfull ſickneſs.* So often as he heard of a man that had a quick paſſage, with little ſenſe of pain, he wiſhed for himſelf that *Euthanaſie:* While he lived he uſed to ſet himſelf between his two friends,

Auguſtus Cæſar, *bonam mortem putabat celerem, & inſperatam, quæ nulla ægritudine pulſarat fores.*

friends, *Groans and Tears.* When he died he called for his Looking-glaſs, commanded to have his Hair and Beard kembed, *his riv'led Cheeks ſmoothed up.* Then asking his Friends, if he acted his part well, when they anſwered, *Yes*; *why then*, ſays he, *do you not all clap your hands for me?*

Alexander the Great did ask the *Indian* Philoſopher, how long a man ſhould live: ſaith he, untill he think it better to die than live: but St. *Paul* is our beſt pattern, who being weary of the world, deſiring to be diſſolved, cryed out (*as one deſiring, rather than deſpairing*) *O wretched man that I am, who ſhall deliver me from this body of death!*

There be many that chuſe rather to die quickly, than to live long ſickly: *they deſire not a long life, but a merry*; yet better were it for them, *to be ſick ſometimes*, than *to be always in health.* For *a wicked health*, will make them thank Nature, and forget God.

Some, on the other ſide, will invite Death to do them the kindneſs, to take them ſoon out of the world, counting a ſhort death the happieſt paſſage of a man's life; *yet a little while, and he that ſhall come, will come, and will not tarry.* If life come once to be a diſpleaſure, then death comes to do us a pleaſure: and for this (ſaith *Tul-*

ly)

ly) a man is more beholding to Nature: because ſhe gave only one entrance to life, but many ways to go out. But this is not the way to heaven; Chriſtians know better ways, as how to live in Grace that they may die in Peace; *in peace, into peace:* and to whom this grace is given, for them glory is reſerved.

Quod unum introitum ad vitam dedit, exitus vero multos.

O, ſaith a good man, how ſafe is the condition of God's Children, whom very pain eaſeth, death revives, ſin glorifies!

Yet there is not the ſtrongeſt body, nor holieſt Saint on earth, but at point of death, is ſubject to ſome trepidations and qualms of fear. For the ſoul which comes into the body without any ſenſible pleaſure, goes not out of the body without the ſenſe of pain. And it troubles many a good ſoul, to ſee men of the beſt lives, to have diſtempered and perplexed ends: Some raving, ſome deſpairing, ſome dying ſuddenly; and ſeldom any have ſo bitter draughts, as thoſe whom God loves beſt.

Natural Diſtempers.

IT is fit therefore, to take notice of the natural Cauſes. Deſpair in dying, may as

as well ariſe from weakneſs of nature, as from trouble of mind: but by neither of theſe can he be prejudiced, that hath lived well.

Mark the righteous, and behold the perfect, for the end of that man is peace: his body may be ſick, but his mind is ſound: for *God maketh all his bed in his ſickneſs*, and in the inſtant of a ſharp ſeparation, his ſoul finds it ſelf happy: for he knows, *Si durius ſeponitur, melius reponitur*; *though it be put off painfully, yet it is laid up joyfully.*

Raving, and other ſtrange paſſions, are many times rather the effect of the diſeaſe, than coming from the mind. For upon death's approaches, choler fuming to the Brain, will cauſe diſtempers in the moſt patient Soul. In theſe caſes, the faireſt and trueſt judgment to be made is, that ſins of ſickneſs occaſioned by violence of diſeaſe in a patient man, are but ſins of infirmity, and not to be taken as ill ſigns or preſages; *A ſon of ſo many tears*, cannot but be ſaved. I will not deſpair in reſpect of that man's impatient dying, whom the worm of conſcience had not devoured living.

Filius tantarum lachrymarum.

Seldom any enter into glory with eaſe: yet

yet the Jews ſay of *Moſes*, his ſoul was ſucked out of his mouth with a kiſs: ſome have their paſſion *in death*; that is *bitter*, becauſe it is *inward*: ſome *before death*; that is *better*, becauſe it is *outward*.

David in this caſe, the better to make his way, prayed and cryed, *Lord, ſpare me a little. O ſpare me, that I may recover my ſtrength, before I go hence and be no more.*

Indeed to *Ezekias* ſome years of days were lent: but we are not worthy of that favour; we muſt not expect that God will bring back the ſhadow of degrees, when once it is gone down in the Dial of *Ahaz*; we muſt time it as we may, and be content to live and die at uncertainties.

Therefore, as a ſick man hearkens to the Clock, ſo let us watch Death. For ſudden coming of Death, finding a weak ſoul unprepared, makes it deſperate, and leaves it miſerable.

What death is to be accounted Sudden.

SUdden death of it ſelf is not therefore evil, becauſe it is ſudden; but becauſe it may take us away ſuddenly, our ſouls being unprepared. The good man never dies

dies unprepared, becauſe his perſeverance in goodneſs, is a providence againſt ſudden death.

To a man well prepared, ſudden death is but a quicker paſſage; and is not to be accounted a ſudden death, but a ſudden departure, becauſe it came not unlooked for.

Though the righteous be prevented by Death (ſaith the Book of *Wiſedom*) yet ſhall he be at reſt, becauſe he hath made his peace before-hand. His departure is no miſery, for his hope is full of Eternity. *Ezechiel* the Prophet (ſo often ſtiled *Son of Man*) to him God ſays, *I take away from thee the delight of thine eyes*, (which was his Wife) *with a ſtroke ſuddenly*, and *yet thou ſhalt not weep.*

Let not pleaſant pleaſures of life allure, nor cares thereof poſſeſs thee; then cannot ſudden death ſurprize thee.

Mors nulli improviſa, cui ſit provida vita.

Death can no man ſnap unawares,
Whoſe life is full of holy cares.

But if a man do not prepare to die, he may live ſeven years in a Conſumption, and yet die a ſudden death. For any time is ſudden to him that is unprepared.

They take their mark amiſs, who judge a man

a man by his outward behaviour in his death: If you know the goodneſs of a man's life, miſ-judge him not by any ſtrangeneſs of his death.

Though other men can beſt judge of our actions, yet man's heart can beſt judge of himſelf. When a man comes to be judged, his life, and not the manner of his death, ſhall give the evidence with or againſt him. Many that live wickedly, would ſeem to die holily, more for fear to be damned in the opinion of people, than for any love to goodneſs. To theſe men there is, *a three-fold evil which remains to the laſt*; Which is, *Horror in exitu, Dolor in tranſitu, Pudor in conſpectu Dei: Fear in their departure, Grief in their paſſage, Shame when they come in the ſight of God.* If my life pleaſure God, I am ſure my death ſhall pleaſe me. Chriſt never leaves any of his at parting. *Elijah* would not leave *Eliſha*, though he put him off twice, becauſe he knew there was a bleſſing to come, when they parted. It is a great happineſs to die in eaſe. That man's end is eaſy, whom death finds with a weak body, and a ſtrong Soul.

O my Lord, it is thou that muſt raiſe up this faint and drooping heart of mine, thou canſt

canſt rid me of this weak and cowardly diſtruſt; thou that ſendeſt for my ſoul, canſt prepare me for thy ſelf; thou only canſt make thy meſſenger welcome to me: O that I could but ſee thy face through death! O that I could ſee death, not as it was, but as thou haſt made it! O that I could heartily pledge thee my Saviour, in this cup, that ſo I might drink new wine with thee in thy Father's Kingdom.

But alas, O my God! Nature is ſtrong and weak in me at once, I cannot wiſh to overcome death, as it is worthy; when I look for moſt courage, I find ſtrongeſt temptations: I ſee and confeſs, that when I am my ſelf, thou haſt no ſuch coward as I; let me alone, and I ſhall ſhame that name of thine, which I have profeſſed; every ſecure Worldling ſhall laugh at my feebleneſs. O God, were thy Martyrs thus haled to their ſtakes? might they not have been looſed from their racks, and yet choſe to die in thoſe torments? Let it be no ſhame to thy ſervant to take up that complaint which thou madeſt of thy better attendants; [The Spirit is willing, but the Fleſh is weak.]

O thou God of Spirits, that haſt coupled theſe two together, unite them in a deſire of their diſſolution! Weaken this fleſh, and encourage this Spirit either to deſire, or to contemn death; and now, as I grow nearer to

my home, let me increaſe in the ſenſe of my joys: I am thine; ſave me, O Lord; It was thou that didſt put ſuch courage into thy ancient and late Witneſſes, that they either invited or challenged death; and held their perſecutors their beſt friends, for letting them looſe from theſe gyves of fleſh. I know thine hand is not ſhortned, neither any of them hath received more proof of thy former mercies; Oh let thy goodneſs enable me to reach them, in the comfortable ſteadineſs of my paſſage: Do but draw this vail a little, that I may ſee thy glory; and I cannot but be enflamed with the deſire of it. It was not I, that either made this body for the earth, or this ſoul for my body, or this heaven for my ſoul, or this glory of heaven, or this entrance into glory: All is thine own work; O perfect what thou haſt begun, that thy praiſe and my happineſs may be conſummate at once.

Ariſtotle gives the reaſon, Why there is ſuch a Conflict in Death; *Becauſe then Life either conquers, or is conquered.* So is it with the ſoul of man, at the point of death.

Quia tunc vincit aut vincitur.

Yet a good man doth not always die in exerciſe of his goodneſs; but, as a wiſe man when he ſleeps, loſeth not his knowledge; no more doth a good man his graces,

graces, though he die in diſtemper; for habitudes of goodneſs do not then leave him, though they cannot then do their office for him.

But the vulgar opinion is, if a man die quietly, and go away like a Lamb, (which in Conſumptions and dull diſeaſes moſt men do) then ſure he goes to Heaven; but if he be diſtempered, and of frantick behaviour, (which happens to many through extream inflammation) then ſure he goes to Hell. This is a judgment from Nature, and not of Religion; and in this caſe truſt not natural judgment, for it is arted with ſubtilties of Phyſick: man works by likely means, God many times by contraries.

He that can ſhut his eyes every night with a quiet conſcience, ſhall meet with leaſt diſturbances when death ſhall cloſe his eyes at laſt; nor will he care who ſhuts up his Bodily eyes, when death it ſelf opens his Soul's eyes, then ſhall we ſee more with theſe ſhut eyes, than ever we could do open eyed; Saint *Paul* was therefore ſtricken blind, that the eyes of his Spirit might be opened.

Serenity, joy and peace, in a dying man, is a hopefull behaviour: Yet we ſee the clear Stars that are ſo delightfull to behold,

bring forth their rays by ſparklings and dartings, as though they were delivered of their light by travel and hard eſſays: So good men in their death have great variety of accidents, many languours, many agonies, many iterated endeavours; travelling of death, as in a Child-birth; ſorrows, torments, pains, being then Death's Agents. But if the paſſages of the ſoul lie open to God, without interpoſition of worldly cares, then it peaceably makes egreſs with a ſweetneſs, and that without diſturbance.

Natural cauſes will have their operations, but it is the God of nature that commands them; it is his property ſometimes to work ſupernaturally by nature. Diſpute not with God. Give nature leave to cavil, and we cannot be good Chriſtians.

But truſt to this: *Believe aright, and live as you believe, and you cannot but die in ſafety.* If you would end life quietly, render it up willingly.

Let no contentments of the world ſo fix you to the world, as to deſire longer life; Prolongation of life is no pleaſure, but ſo long as it goes well with us. *Sæpè in hoc eſſe, bonum eſt, non Diù: To be often in this is good, but not to be long.* Shortneſs of life

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is no unhappineſs; *It is nothing to the purpoſe whether we die ſoon or late; but whether we die well or ill.*

The Book of wiſdom ſaith, Henoch *was ſoon taken away, leſt it ſhould alter his underſtanding, or deceit beguile his ſoul.*

In the beginning of the world, when men lived in greateſt innocency, God gave them longer life; but after, when the ſin of man, and the abuſe of time increaſed, then God ſhortned their days. The Patriarch *Jacob* ſays, *Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and I have not attained unto the days of the years of the life of my Fathers, in the days of their Pilgrimage.*

Had preſent death been evil, or long life good, *Cain* had been ſlain, and *Abel* had ſurvived: but death commonly begins firſt, where God loves beſt: *His ſoul*, ſaith the Son of *Syrach*, *pleaſed God, therefore haſted he to take him away.*

Seldom is excellency in any kind long-lived. We ſee the beſt men live not longeſt: and indeed it were injurious to wiſh, that goodneſs ſhould hinder any one from happineſs.

The beſt cannot be happy, but by diſſolution, their dying being but a change, going from evil to good; hopes putting in

them ſuch a new life, as they care not to change the old.

The lives of all creatures elſe are loſt to us, ours but changed to God.

If the wicked man live long, it is but to aggravate his judgment; if he die ſoon, it is but to haſten it.

One man ſeems to die caſually, another violently; both, by deſtiny; all men, by decree.

The end of our preſent life ought to be ſuch, as we deſire the beginning of our future life: Nor is the place material where we die ſo we die well.

Moſes died upon one Hill, *Aaron* upon another Hill, but both where they might ſee the Land of Promiſe. A happy view!

Be as ready to die as *Moſes* was, when there was no more between God and him, but [*Moſes, go up and die.*] With ſuch a ſociable compellation are good men invited unto death, as to a Feaſt.

Nec mihi mors gravis eſt Poſituro morte dolores.

Death cannot chuſe but pleaſe
Them, whoſe griefs by dying ceaſe.

But, O my Soul! what ails thee to be thus ſuddenly backward and fearful? No heart hath more freely diſcourſed of death,

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in ſpeculation ; no tongue hath more extolled it in abſence. And now that it is come to thy bed ſide, and hath drawn thy curtains, and takes thee by the hand, and offers thee ſervice, thou ſhrinkeſt inward ; and by the paleneſs of thy face, and wildneſs of thine eye, bewrayeſt an amazement at the preſence of ſuch a gueſt. That face which was ſo familiar to thy thoughts, is now unwelcome to thine eye. I am aſhamed of this weak irreſolution. Whitherto have tended all thy ſerious Meditations? What hath Chriſtianity done to thee, if thy fears be ſtill heatheniſh? Is this thy Imitation of ſo many worthy Saints of God, whom thou haſt ſeen entertain the violenteſt death with Smiles and Songs? Is this the fruit of thy long and frequent inſtruction? Didſt thou think death would have been content with words? Didſt thou hope it would ſuffer thee to talk, while all other ſuffer? Where is thy Faith? Yea, where art thou my ſelf, O my ſoul? Is Heaven worthy of no more thanks, of no more joy? Shall Hereticks, ſhall Pagans give death a better welcome than thou? Hath thy Maker, and thy Redeemer ſent for thee, and art thou loath to go? Hath he ſent for thee, to put thee in poſſeſſion of that glorious In-

heritance, which thy Wardſhip hath chearfully expected; and art thou loath to go? Hath God, with this Serjeant of his, ſent his Angels to fetch thee; and art thou loath to go? Rouſe up thy ſelf for ſhame, O my Soul! and if ever thou haſt truly believed ſhake off this Unchriſtian diffidence, and addreſs thy ſelf joyfully for thy glory.

All motions tend to reſt. *Return then to thy reſt, O my ſoul! for God hath dealt bountifully with thee.*

Aſſurance of Life after Death.

Awake and ſing, ſaith the Prophet *Eſay, ye that dwell in duſt; for, thy dew is the dew of Herbs, and the Earth ſhall caſt out her dead. Thy dead men ſhall live; with my body ſhall they ariſe*, Iſa. 26.

For a real aſſurance to us, that both our Bodies, and our Souls, ſhall one day be in heaven; there are three bodily Inhabitants already gone thither: *Enoch*, before the Law; *Elijah*, under the Law; *Chriſt*, under the Goſpel; yet, for further aſſurance, Chriſt himſelf hath ſaid it; *Becauſe I live, ye ſhall live alſo. I am the reſurrection and the life. He that believed in me, though he*

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were dead, yet ſhall he live. Although my fleſh be eaten with Worms, theſe Worms turned to duſt, blown thorow the earth, yet after thou haſt turned all to deſtruction, again thou ſayeſt; *Come again, ye children of men.* Therefore, O *Death, where is thy ſting? O Grave, where is thy victory?* ſaith St. *Paul.*

Hitherto ſhalt thou come, ſaid *Job, but no further: here ſhall thy proud waves be ſtayed: Death ſhall only reach to thy body, but ſhall proceed no further.* It ſtands not with Divinity, nor is it conſonant to Reaſon, that man, for whom all things ſpring, ſhou'd not have his ſpring and riſe again. I ſee worms, and flies, and other creatures (that ſpend the Winter ſeaſon in a kind of death) revive in the Spring. I ſee my ſelf dead every night, and alive in the morning: doubt not therefore of this Article of Belief, of all moſt comfortable; *I know whom I have truſted,* ſaith St. *Paul,* and I am aſſured he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him againſt that day. *And they ſhall be mine,* ſaith God by the Prophet *Malachy, in that day when I make up my Jewels.*

What: is it a Name that troubles thee? What if Men ſhould call Sleep Death,

wouldſt thou be afraid to cloſe thy eyes? What hurt is it then, if he that ſent the firſt ſleep upon Man, whilſt he made him an Helper, ſend this laſt and ſoundeſt ſleep upon me, while he prepares my ſoul for a glorious Spouſe to himſelf? It is but a parting which we call death, as two Friends when they have lead each other on the way, ſhake hands, and they return from their journey: if either ſhould miſcarry, there were cauſe of ſorrow; now that they are more ſure of meeting than of a parture, what folly is it, not to be content to redeem the unſpeakable gain of ſo dear a Friend with a little intermiſſion of enjoying him? He will return laded with the riches of Heaven, and will fetch his old partner to the participation of this glorious wealth. Go then, my Soul, to this ſure and gainfull Traffick, and leave my other half in a Harbour as ſafe, though not ſo bleſſed; yet ſo ſhalt thou be ſeparated, that my very duſt ſhall be united to thee ſtill, and to my Saviour in thee.

Reſurgam, I ſhall riſe again, ſaid good Biſhop *King*; *It is now time to awake, for now is our ſalvation nearer than when we believed*; nor will I fear how this body of mine ſhall appear another day: For I am promiſed

promiſed by him that will perform, it ſhall not be found naked; but this covering of the fleſh being caſt off, it ſhall be clothed with glory, as with another garment. The Children of the Reſurrection die no more, for they are equal to the Angels. If thy life *be hid with Chriſt in God*, then, *when Chriſt, who is thy life ſhall appear, thou ſhalt appear in Glory.*

I go to my Father, and to your Father, ſaith Chriſt in the Goſpel: There is great Divinity in theſe Pronouns, *meum & tuum*, *Mine and Thine*; they are words of aſſurance to men's ſouls; though in men's eſtates they are the ground of all controverſies. *I know that my Redeemer lives.* But I do not therefore know this, becauſe I will know it: for the Will cannot invade the Underſtanding. How then do I know it? Not by opinion, but by faith; *Fides non creditur, ſed cernitur: Faith is not believed, but perceived.* Things are not ſo, becauſe we are perſwaded they are ſo; but, becauſe they be ſo, therefore we are ſo perſwaded. The woman with child, knows ſhe is ſo, when ſhe feels it ſtir lively: So the Spirit of God aſſures our Spirit, when we livelily feel his Spirit in us

Holy *Job* ſaith, *Though after the skin,*

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worms deſtroy the body, yet in my fleſh I ſhall ſee God for my ſelf: and mine own eyes ſhall behold him, and not anothers.

The ſoul, the loſt Pearl (which to find, a Man ſhould have given all he had) ſhall there be found engraven in a body of gold; whereas here it was poorly ſet in clay. Let us learn then, that every child of God, after his departure out of the World, goeth unto his heavenly Father's Boſom; where all tears are wiped from his eyes, and cares from his heart. He which came with his garments red from *Bozra*, will cloath us in white.

It doth not yet appear what we ſhall be, but we know that when Chriſt ſhall appear, we ſhall be like him, for we ſhall ſee him as he is; ſaith St. *John*. *Come ye bleſſed of my Father, inherit the Kingdom prepared for you*; and, *Fear not little flock, for it is your Father's pleaſure to give you the Kingdom*. Tarry but a little while, *and he that ſhall come, will come, and will not tarry.*

A Man, ſaith *Chryſoſtom*, *would dwell in his Contemplation, and be loath to come out of it*. Nay, ſaith St. *Auguſtine*, *A Man might age himſelf in it, and ſooner grow old than weary.*

The

The Fourth General Diviſion.

IV. *Death approaching, what our laſt thoughts ſhould be.*

Seneca ſaith, the laſt day judgeth all the precedent. *The laſt is the beſt*; dying words are weightieſt, and make deepeſt impreſſions. Our laſt thoughts are readieſt to ſpend themſelves upon ſomewhat that we loved beſt while we lived. *Jezebel* at laſt was more taken up with ſeeming fair, than being happy. *And then when even ready to die*, ſhe was buſied about it, becauſe ſhe loved her face more than her Soul.

——*Et tunc quoque, verſus ad illam.*

The ſoul it ſelf, when it is entring into glory, breathes Divine things: At this time a good man's tongue is in his breaſt, not in his mouth; his words are then ſo pithy and ſo pectoral, that he cries, O Lord Jeſus, take thine own into thy own cuſtody! Seing I am now to leave this life, receive my Spirit at the hour of my Death into thy Heavenly habitation.

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Anatomiſts ſay, there are ſtrings in a man's tongue, which go to his heart; when theſe break, Man ſpeaks his heart. *Oh that they were wiſe* (ſaid *Moſes*) *and would underſtand, and fore-ſee their latter end*; when he was dying. Chriſt's laſt words in the Bible are, *Surely I come quickly*; Our anſwer is, *Amen*: *Even ſo come Lord Jeſus*, &c.

As in greateſt extremities good Phyſicians leave Drugs, and miniſter only Cordials; ſo deal by thy ſoul when Death approaches: Lay thee down and ſleep in peace, caſt away all worldly cares, entertain only thoughts that will animate thy weak body, and refreſh thy thirſty ſoul, as did that *Dew of Hermon*, falling upon the *Hill of Sion*. When ſickneſs undreſſes man for death, then *Job's Scio*, *I know*, and St. *Paul's Cupio*, *I deſire*, are the words of ſweeteſt comfort.

Man, ſaith *Jeremy*, *puts his mouth at laſt to the duſt, if ſo be there may be hope*. But rely not longer on the Phyſician; Earthly means are for uſe, they are not for confidence. God cannot be God, if Nature limit him. Happy is the man, whoſe laſt day is his beſt day.

All the while I lived (ſaid a good Man) I was going on my journey, *in via*, *in my way*,

way, but not *in patria, in my Countrey*; but now that I am dying, I find my ſelf near home, I am come to Mount *Sion*, I will not therefore ſit down on this ſide *Jordan*, but haſten to the heavenly *Jeruſalem*; whither when I come, I ſhall there ſee my God face to face; hear my Saviour ſay; *Well done good Servant, It is my Father's will to give thee a Kingdom.*

Is it not enough that my Saviour is gone up to prepare a place for me? but will he give me a Kingdom? And ſhall not I be glad, when God ſhall come and fetch me, to enthrone me in this Kingdom? If Chriſt be gone up to prepare a place for me, Lord, let me be prepared for that place. Bleſſed Eternity! Where art thou? I am ſeeking for thee, and I ſee thee coming towards me. Now, methinks I hear my ſoul ſay; *Cur non accedis, Domine? Quid moraris? O Lord, why art thou ſo far off? why tarrieſt thou?*

I have too long dwelt in this Sepulchre of Earth. *Woe is me, that my pilgrimage is ſo prolonged on Earth! Woe is me, that I ſtill remain in Meſech, and dwell in the Tents of Kedar! It is enough, Lord,* as *Elias* ſaid in the Wilderneſs: *Take now away my life, for I am no better than my Fathers were. My*

ſoul

ſoul thirſteth for thee : When ſhall I come and appear before thee ? Nay, my ſoul is now grown ſo high-minded, that ſhe ſaith, *I am more worth, and born to more worthy things, than to be the ſlave of my own body.* Man is not quiet, till he be more than Man: Let his condition here civilly be what it will, it will not content him. Bare Philoſophy made ſuch impreſſion in *Socrates* ; that *lying condemned in priſon, he diſcourſed to his Scholars concerning the body, as concerning another priſon :* counting the body to be a worſe priſon to the Soul, than that priſon was to him.

Plato, when he ſaw one over-indulgent to his body, by high feeding it, asked what he meant, to make his priſon ſo ſtrong ?

When you pamper the fleſh, you do but victual the Enemy.

The body, at beſt, is but the living Coffin of the Soul, as the Grave is the dead Coffin of the Body ; it is but a Couch, whence our bodies, which have a long time ſlept in the grave, ſhall be rouſed up again by the ſound of the Trumpet, and raiſed up by the power of our Bleſſed Saviour, who died for our ſins, and roſe again for our juſtification.

Thus doth Divine Contemplation make

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us high in thoughts, rich in expectation; therefore it is but the duty of man, to know the dignity of his Soul; which is so heavenly ambitious, as it will not let Heaven alone, till it may see, as it is seen. *Gravata est anima mea, My soul is oppressed*, my Body is a burden to my Soul; it hath had honour enough, to have been so long companion with it; wherefore now, as St. *Hierom* saith, *Egredere, ô Anima, egredere: Go forth, my soul, go forth.*

What dost thou longer here on Earth, O thou my Heaven-born Soul?

The Hermite, sitting on his Turf, said to his Soul; *Thou hast served God these sixty years, and art thou now afraid to die? Go out of this Ark of flesh, O my soul! for I now smell the savour of rest; Haste it self is slow unto desire.* As Christ said to his Disciples; *Let us arise, and go hence:* So say to thy Soul; *Arise, my soul, from the world; let us go up to Heaven.* *Sexaginta annos servivisti Deo, & nunc mori times.*

Though my Soul, as a Bird, for necessity-sake hath been fain to stay a while here upon Earth; yet willingly would it be soaring in the skies: but I find that, *This life is an hindrance unto that, for whose sake we live.* Especially when I hear my Saviour say,

ſay, *Father, I will that thoſe whom thou haſt given me, be with me where I am, that they may behold my glory. To him that is faithfull unto death, I will give a Crown of life. Sybilla* before Chriſt, and *Plato* likewiſe, do both agree, that the union of Man's ſoul with God, is that true felicity, which all Philoſophy aims at. Therefore, *I have earneſtly deſired my diſmiſſion from this priſon*, that I may ſee *face to face, him whom my ſoul loveth*; and be, Lord, where thou enjoyeſt thy ſelf, and glorified Spirits enjoy thee.

Shew me the father, and it ſufficeth. Surely, ſaith St. *Auguſtine*, in his Meditations, *O Lord, thou haſt made us for thy ſelf, and our hearts can never be quiet untill they come unto thee.*

Domine creâſti nos propter te; & nunquam erit cor noſtrum quietum donec pervenerit ad te.

Rev. 14. *Bleſſed are the dead which die in the Lord*, ſaith St. *John*; *Yea*, ſaith the *Spirit*, *they reſt from their labours, and their works follow them.* O thou ſource of the Springs of *Libanus*, my ſoul now thirſteth to be with thee, in the twilight; betwixt the day of Life, and night of Death.

Certainly, a good Soul thus employing it ſelf, in that hour, will not leave the felicity it ſhall have in ſuch an aſſured tranſmigration

migration from death to life, for all the joys that life-paſt did ever tender it.

Good St. *Auguſtine*, in an high ſpeculation, endeavouring to expreſs this heavenly joy, was asked by a grave old Man, *Father Auguſtine, What art thou about to do? A Man may as well draw in all the Air in the World with a breath, as expreſs to the life what thou art now about: Not that there is want of words, but want in words to expreſs it.*

Therefore this we may do, ſome way ſample that which no way we can expreſs; *In high things, but will is held enough*; in ſome things good purpoſes ſupply actions.

Like as a Bird that hath been long encaged, then chants it moſt merrily, when ſhe gets looſe into the open air.

Nititur in ſylvas quæque redire ſuas.
And every one of that wing'd race
Strives for the wood, their native place.

Or as a ſick man that hath wearily toſſed and turned himſelf in his bed all the dull night long, is then comforted at the approach of the day-break, when the Sunbeams guild the morning. Job, *So am I made to poſſeſs months of vanity, and weariſome nights are appointed to me; when I lie down, I ſay, when ſhall I ariſe, and the night be*

be gone? And I am full of toſſing to and fro, unto the dawning of the day.

Or as a priſoner that feels his chains heavy upon him, longs for releaſment,

Liberaque à ferris crura futura velit.

And his weary limbs would fain,
Deliver from the Iron Chain:

So will it be with thy ſoul, when thou ſhalt hear thy Saviour ſay, *I am thy ſalvation: Come unto me, thou that art weary and heavy laden; and I will refreſh thee.*

The Kingdom of Heaven belongs to Penitents and Petitioners: To them that are weary of this durance, and ſue for deliverance, belongeth the Kingdom of Heaven.

Wherefore, as a wearied Traveller that hath paſſed a long journey, though perhaps he meet with ſome delights by the way, is then gladdeſt when he comes within kenning of his Countrey;

——*Natale ſolum dulcedine cunctos;*
Ducit.——

The native ſoyl invites
All with its ſweet delights.

Even ſo thy Soul after many years Pilgrimage in the Wilderneſs of this wretched World, being come with *Moſes* to Mount *Nebo*,

Nebo, and beholding the pleaſant Land of *Canaan*, from the top of *Piſgah*, will then laugh for joy, as doth the Horizon to ſee *the Son coming as a Bridegroom out of his Chamber.*

The ſame God, that by the hands of his Angels, carried up the ſoul of *Moſes* to his glory, doth alſo by the hands of his Angels carry his body down into the valley of *Moab*, to his Sepulture. Thoſe hands that had taken the Law from him, thoſe eyes that had ſeen his preſence, thoſe lips that had conferred ſo oft with him, that face that did ſo ſhine with the beams of his Glory, may not be neglected when the ſoul is gone. He that took charge of his birth, and preſervation in the Reeds on the water, takes care of his Carriage out of the world. The care of God ceaſeth not over his own: either in death, or after it. Yea, that Divine hand which locked up this treaſure, and kept the Key of it, brought it forth afterwards glorious. In the transfiguration, this body which was hid in the valley of *Moab*, appeared in the hill of *Tabor*; that we may know, theſe bodies of ours are not loſt, but laid up; and ſhall as ſure be raiſed in glory, as they are laid down in corruption. *We know, that, when he ſhall appear,*

pear, we ſhall alſo appear with him in glory. Dilectus meus deſcendit ad hortum ſuum, ad areolam aromatum : My beloved went down to his Garden, to the bed of Spices.

Of this joy thy dazled eyes might have ſome glimpſe, while thou waſt in health ; but then, it was as the blind man's viſion in the Goſpel, to whoſe firſt ſight, men ſeemed to walk like trees ; but in this thy new ſtate, thou ſhalt ſee clearly Men and Angels ſtand before the Lamb's Throne, and hear thy ſelf invited to the Lamb's Supper, where *thou ſhalt be brought into the Wine-ſellar, and love will be the banner over thee.* It is the beſt eloquence to ſpeak to God in the ſame language he ſpeaks to us.

Come then, O Shulamite, *ſtay me with Flaggons and comfort me with Apples ; for I am ſick of love : Kiſs me with the kiſſes of thy mouth, for thy love is better than Wine ; Shew me, O thou whom my ſoul loveth, where thou feedeſt, where thou lyeſt at noon.*

Thus with *Solomon* in a Canticle, and with *David* in a Pſalm, let be the Raptures of thy ſoul ; which, as in a trance, ſhall be caught up to Heaven, as was *Philip* by the Spirit, or *Ezekiel* by the Angel.

And with an Heroical alacrity, tempered with a gracious Humility, give up thy

Soul

Soul to God, and bid farewell to the world. Sing with *Deborah*, *O my ſoul, thou haſt marched valiantly*; and ſay with *David*, *Return now, my ſoul, unto thy reſt, for the Lord hath rewarded thee.*

Dying St. *Stephen*, before his eyes were cloſed, had a facial and perſonal ſight of his Saviour: *He looked ſtedfaſtly into Heaven, and ſaw the glory of God, and Jeſus ſtanding at the right hand of God.* Old *Simeon*, after he had ſeen his Saviour, rejoyced then to ſay, *Lord, now letteſt thou thy ſervant depart in peace, for mine eyes have ſeen thy ſalvation.* O ſound that ſweet voice in the ears of my Soul, which thou ſpakeſt unto the penitent Thief on the Croſs, *This day ſhalt thou be with me in Paradiſe.* For I, O Lord, do with the Apoſtle, (for my ſoul ſpeaketh unto thee Jeſus) *deſire to be diſſolved, and to be with Chriſt.*

THE

THE RAPTURE OF THE SOUL.

THE Soul is raviſhed when ſhe contemplates heavenly things, and is delighted with that Contemplation.

This is a kind of Arreption to Heaven; when a Man abſtracts himſelf from Earth, and by Contemplation, grows into acquaintance with God; for then he ſeems to converſe with God, and become *a partaker of the Divine Nature* then he ſends forth ſtrong emanations of divine Love. Thoſe *affectiones exſtaticæ, exſtatick affections*, are the ſignals (*Amoris liquidi*) *of a melting love: The Soul melteth, when ſhe is warmed by Devotion.* Such love ſuffers not me to be a lover of my ſelf: And, *What ſhall I call them but Seraphims, whoſe*

Divinæ particeps Naturæ.

whoſe hearts are turned into flames of Divine love? Let him kiſs me with the kiſſes of his mouth, ſo begins that *Canticum Canticorum*, *Song of Songs*: And, *'Tis truly a ſweet language, which beginneth with kiſſes.* This (*fruitivus amor*) *enjoying love*, by Divine Rapture unites me to God: for in Rapture a man ſeems to walk with God, as *Enoch* did; talk with God, as *Moſes* did; ſee God, as *Stephen* did.

And becauſe ſight increaſes delight; therefore Rapture would fain aſcend to Viſion; but that's a privilege for St. *Paul. Vidi Dominum*, ſaith *Jacob*, *I ſaw the Lord face to face, and my ſoul was delivered.* Holy *Hierom* ſwears it; *I call God to witneſs, that after I had done my faſting weeks, methought I was among the troops of Angels*; to have private converſation with Quoires of Angels. The firſt Chriſtians were raviſhed with a greater deſire of knowledge than of food; ſometimes lived three days together in Contemplation, and never ate. *Rapture is the higheſt degree of Contemplation*, ſaith St. *Auguſtine*; which raiſes in Man towring thoughts, irradiates his ſoul with ſo high apprehenſions; and ſo elevates him to God, as it takes him out of himſelf, to live above himſelf. Said one in his Rapture, *I am not*

able to understand that sweetness, into which thou leadest me, O my God!

The soul being thus powerfully attracted by the inducement of so fair and divine delight, she on her part corresponds, and with a willing assent glides after these attracts; and, as a vapour exhaled by the Sun, she goes out of her self, and would willingly draw the body with her, but the substance is too sad; wherefore she quits it as not agil, or sprightfull enough, to soar so high; *O that my soul had wings as a Dove, that I might fly away, and be at rest!* saith *David.*

It is an admirable thing to consider, that the eye of a man, so weak, so tender a piece, should look up every day to Heaven, so wonderfull in height, and yet never be tired by the way: by this, I see that Heavenly Contemplation (which is the best Optick) if it be strong enough, and not overclog'd with earthly thoughts, is able to carry us with ease to heavenly ecstasie.

The Will takes pleasure to perceive the Understanding (which is the Soul's King) taken into rapture; and when the faculties both of Will and Understanding do intercommunicate their Ravishments, then are we sweetly brought into a divine ecstacy;

in

in which ſtate, Man feels nothing of the humane; but dies in his life, and lives in his death.

Of this ſacred ecſtaſie, the Seraphical Divines make three ſorts; one *of underſtanding*, a ſecond *of affection*, a third *of action*.

Action is added, becauſe a man is not to be above himſelf in Contemplation, and under himſelf in Converſation. The firſt of the three is, *in ſplendore*, *in brightneſs*; the ſecond, *in fervore*, *in heat*; the third, *in labore*, *in labour*: The one cauſed by *admiration*, the other by *devotion*, the laſt by *operation*.

In theſe Raptures, the Fathers, who were ſtiled Saints, had ſuch a complacency, as they ſtrove to act this as the way of a new life, ſometimes before their death; inſomuch as the Votaries would ſay, *Never was a Saint, but had ecſtaſies, and raviſhments of life before his death*; they laboured by a liquefaction of their ſouls into God, to enſoul themſelves in God, to put themſelves out of natural comportment of the body, and ſo to live in Divine ecſtaſie without living in the body.

This made Saint *Paul* to ſay, *I knew a Man in Chriſt fourteen years ago, whether*

in the body, or out of the body, I cannot tell.

Some ſo lived, as it were doubted whether they were living men dead, or dead men living. Nay, ſome with fervency of ſpirit were tranſported into ſuch ecſtaſie, that their ſouls being wholly converſant in divine Contemplation, they cared not to afford common aſſiſtance to nature, and ſo have died through exinanition and want of ſtrength, conceiving there was no uſe of any creature, to them that enjoyed the Creator.

Thus did love perform the office of death: *Love is as ſtrong as death*, ſaith *Solomon:* nay, with them it wrought more than death could do; for death only performeth by Effect, that which Love operateth by Affection: death did but ſeparate their bodies from their ſouls; but Love ſeparated their ſouls from their bodies living.

In ſuch a Trance, they report St. *Baſil* to ſay, *That* Jacob, *when he had faſt hold on God, let him go for a Bleſſing:* But the *Shunamite, my ſoul will not let thee go ſo:* For ſhe now ſeeks no more benedictions of God, but to enjoy the God of Benedictions.

St. *Hierom* was wont to ſay, *my Saviour, did'ſt thou die for love of me? A love more*

dolorous

dolorous than death, but to me a death more lovely than life it ſelf. I cannot live, and love thee, and be longer from thee.

When *Severinus*, the Indian Saint, was recovering from dying; it is reported he was heard to ſay, O *my God, do not for pity ſo over-joy me! If I muſt ſtill live, and have ſuch conſolations, take me to heaven, for he that hath once taſted this, and thy ſweetneſs muſt neceſſarily live afterwards in bitterneſs.*

This is the ſtate of love's life in God, which giveth a ſuper humane Being unto Man, Man being yet on earth.

This ardent love engraffing into God by her uniting vertue, makes me now ſay, *Now I live, yet not I, but Chriſt liveth in me. My life is hid in Chriſt with God.* And now methinks, I ſee him face to face: *In that bleſſed viſion, and face of God always revealed.*

By viewing the glory of the Bridegroom, the ſoul is transformed from glory to glory; ſo that ſhe dare ſay, *Thou art all fair my love.*

Who is this that cometh from Edom, *with red Garments from* Bozra? *I now behold the day-ſpring from on high come to viſit me. Say then to the North, Give; and to the South Reſtore: And ſo come Lord Jeſus, come quickly.*

MORTIS EPILOGUS.

The Concluſion of Death.

BEcauſe death doth attend thee (O my Soul) daily, do thou daily wait for death.

But before thou goeſt hence, conſider well theſe four things.

1. *Unde venis, Whence thou comeſt.*
2. *Quo vadis, Whither thou goeſt.*
3. *Quid es, What thou art.*
4. *Quid eris, What thou ſhalt be.*

Upon enquiry, *Unde venio, Whence I come*; I am told, that *ſinners begat me a ſinner in ſin.* Miſerable wretches brought me a miſerable wretch into this vale of miſery.

My conception was ſin, my birth miſery, my life a puniſhment, my death a torment; And by how much my life is longer, by ſo much is my ſin the greater.

This makes me think, to what end is this humane life lent unto me? For this only, To gain an heavenly life. And this is all divine love aims at; That ſo my life may ſeem ſhorter, and my labour may be leſs.

For

For my *Quo Vado? Whither go I?*

IT is life's, to fade and decay. *I go*, tells me, I am in a paſſing ſtate. But it rejoyceth me to think that I go to my Fathers. And this hope comforts, *Thou ſhalt be buried in a good old age.* Therefore *it neither troubles me to live, nor affrights me to die*: for death helps to comfort my life. *And ſo I live in patience, and die in deſire.* I ſhall therefore a little while bewail my ſorrow; and then forgetfull of my baniſhment, I ſhall go to my Countrey. For when death it ſelf ſhall die, life will return to me again.

To expreſs, *Quid ſum, What I am.*

WHAT *ſpeech can unfold? Duſt thou art*, this I know: *and to duſt thou ſhalt return*, this is ſure: That *Man is a ſickly, rotten, empty thing*; *and that every Man ſhall be turned into no Man:* This every man finds.

Our metal is of a moiſt humour:

And the mold no better; *in an unclean womb: Condemned ſooner than born*, and that's our condition.

Our beſt ſtock is the ſeed of *Abraham*;

ſaying to corruption, *Thou art my Mother:* And to the worms, *You are my Brethren:* Here is our great Kindred.

Our dwelling is amongſt Flies and Fleas, Our quality vile, our weight lighter than vanity, our worth nothing. What then is our Being? a dream and ſorrow. If ſo,

Si natus ſum plorans
Si morior plangens.
Nolo ego vivere ridens:
Hoc tantum volo,
Animam meam ornare, quæ Deo & Angelis
Mox præſentanda eſt in cœlis.

If weeping I be born, and weeping die;
Why do I live ſo free and pleaſantly?
This only I deſire,
My ſoul to attire,
Which is to be preſented by and by,
To God and Angels with all purity.

Now for *Quid eris, What thou ſhalt be?*

This alſo I know.

I Know what I am, and therefore know my ſelf not to be. But yet I deſire both to

to be and know what I am. For to ſee God, and to live with God, is to be in God, and to have God: and this is eternal ſafety, and ſecure eternity. This may be admired, hardly underſtood: Yet better underſtood than can be expreſſed. Therefore to my ſoul I ſay not, *O poor pretty wandring ſoul!* But,

O ſoul, Ennobled with the Image of God, Adorned with his likeneſs, Eſpouſed to him by Faith, Redeemed by his Blood, Endowed with his Spirit, ranked with his Angels, what haſt thou to do with fleſh?

But to Contemplate,

O what brightneſs, what ſweetneſs, what pleaſure remaineth for me in that viſion, where I ſhall behold Chriſt face to face!

O Lord hear my words, conſider my Meditations, Pſal. 5.

Go not far from me, O God: my God, haſt thee to help me.

A Prayer to be uſed by the Sick.

O give me the comfort of thy help again, and *ſtabliſh me* with thy free Spirit.

O Eternal, Omnipotent, and Incomprehenſible God, *Lord of my Life*, and determiner of my days: my body now is *diſſolving into duſt*, and my ſoul *returning to thee that gave it.* Thou knoweſt, Lord, the ſecrets of my heart, ſhut not up thy mercifull ears to my prayer, but hear me: O Lord moſt holy, O God moſt mighty; O holy and merciful *Saviour*, thou moſt worthy Judge eternal; ſuffer me not at my laſt hour for any pains of death to fall from thee: *draw near to me*, who make haſte to come unto thee. Give me a clearer ſight of thee, by how much the nearer I am out of the dark priſon of my body: Give me alſo a quicker *taſte of the power of the life to come*, that I may more comfortably paſs over theſe laſt troubles of this preſent life. O Lord, *my ſoul is heavy, even unto death*; for the weight of all my ſins (aggravated by the Devil) is at once upon me, and I ſink and

and faint under this burden, *which is too heavy for me to bear: neither is there any means under Heaven to eaſe me of it*, but by laying it upon him that *hath born our iniquities, and carried our ſorrows, the Lord Jeſus Chriſt: thou art the holy Phyſician, heal me; thou art that bleſſed Samaritan, pity me; thou art the Reſurrection and Life, quicken me, O Father of mercy, and God of all Conſolations.* Let not the guilt of my ſins, or horrour of thy judgments, or Satan's ſuggeſtions, or the fear of death, or terrours of Hell drive me to deſperation. I confeſs that for my unmindfulneſs of thee and ungrateſulneſs to thee all my life, I deſerve that thou ſhouldeſt utterly abandon and forſake me now at my death: *but thy thoughts are not like our thoughts*, nor thy affections like ours. *Though a woman ſhould forget the fruit of her womb, yet thou wilt not*, nor canſt not *forget* thoſe that truſt in thee. *Thy gifts and graces are without repentance, and whom thou loveſt, thou loveſt to the end: thou wilt not break a bruiſed Reed, nor quench the ſmoaking Flax.* Thou haſt *ſeverely corrected* me in this thy fearfull viſitation; yet thou *haſt not*, and I ſtedfaſtly believe, *thou wilt not give me over to eternal death.* Dear Father, *ſhew thy ſtrength in my* greateſt *weakneſs:*

con-

confirm thy mercy to me in my greateſt need; apply thy comfort to me in this my laſt extremity. Aſſwage the pains of my body with ghoſtly comforts; and diminiſh *the fear of death*, by the aſſured hope of a *better life*. Call to my mind (whilſt yet I breath) all the errors of my Underſtanding, that I may timely revoke them; all the ſins of my Will, that I may heartily bewail them; all the teſtimonies of thy Love, that I may gratefully acknowledge them; all the *promiſes of thy Goſpel*, that I may comfortably embrace them; all my holy vows and purpoſes, that I may finally confirm them: *and gracious Lord, accept the will for the deed.*

O let me, that am now returning to *duſt and aſhes, ſpeak but this once to my Lord*, and Maker. With all my heart, ſoul, and ſtrength, I beſeech thee, by all that my Saviour *Jeſus Chriſt* hath done and ſuffered for me, I entreat thee *ſpeak peace to my ſoul* at her departing; and *ſay unto her, I am thy ſalvation.* O make my election ſure by my true repentance, fervent charity, aſſured confidence, conſtant patience, comfortable perſeverance unto the end, and in the end. *Amen.*

Another

Another Prayer to be uſed by the Sick.

For thou, O Lord God, art the thing that I long for: Thou art my hope, even from my youth. O let thine ears conſider well the voice of my complaint.

O Moſt glorious *Creator*, gracious *Redeemer*, everlaſting *Comforter*, *Lord God Almighty*, *ſend me aid and help from Heaven*, in this my laſt and moſt dreadful conflict with all the powers of *Hell and darkneſs*. Arm me with thy *compleat Armour*, and endue me with *power from above*, to vanquiſh Satan and his infernal bands, and to *quench all the fiery darts of the wicked*, in the blood of my Redeemer. I am thine, *O God the Father*, by the right of Creation: I am thine, *O God the Son*, by the right of thy Purchaſe: I am thine, *O God the Holy Ghoſt*, by the right of thine Inhabitation and Poſſeſſion: Save me *Father*, by thy power; ſave me *Son*, by thy merits; ſave me *Holy Spirit*, by thy grace. O Holy, Bleſſed and Glorious Trinity, *whoſe power no creature is able to reſiſt*; rebuke and confound thine enemy that goeth about to *deface thine Image* in me, to ſpoil thy workmanſhip, to deſtroy

ſtroy him for whom thou, O *Son*, offeredſt thy ſelf on the Croſs by the eternal Spirit to *the Father*. O *Father*, be now to me a *Father* in my greateſt diſtreſs: O *Jeſus*, be to me a *Jeſus*, in my greateſt danger: O *Comforter*, be to me a *Comforter* in greateſt afflictions. *Holy and righteous judge eternal*, ſuffer not Satan to take any advantage of thy Fatherly chaſtiſing me; he grows ſtrong againſt me by this my great weakneſs; now he rageth moſt furiouſly, becauſe *his time is ſhort*; he aſſaulteth me every way: by ſubtil ſuggeſtions, by fearfull viſions and apparitions; he terrifieth my fleſh with the ugly ſhape of death; he affrighteth my conſcience with the horrour of the laſt judgment, and ſcorcheth my ſoul even with flaſhes of Hell-fire. O *Father of Spirits deliver not the ſoul of thy Turtle Dove (that mourneth to thee day and night) as a prey unto him.* Though never ſo deformed, yet I am thy work, O God my *Father*; though never ſo vile, yet I am thy purchaſe, O God my *Redeemer*; though never ſo polluted, yet I am thy Temple, O God my *Sanctifier*. Faithfull *Creator*, preſerve the work of thine hand; faithfull *Redeemer*, preſerve the purchaſe of thy blood; faithfull *Sanctifier*, preſerve the temple

temple of thine honour. *I abhor my ſelf, and repent in duſt and aſhes*; and I conceive more grief than I am able to expreſs, for abuſing thy works, O *Father*; thy Word and Sacraments, O *Son*; thy Gifts and Graces, O *Spirit*. O *Father*, forgive me all ſins of infirmity againſt thy power; O *Son*, forgive me all ſins of ignorance againſt thy wiſdom; O *Holy Ghoſt*, forgive me all ſins of malice againſt thy grace. Moſt mighty *Father*, vouchſafe me thy protection: Moſt merciſull *Son*, grant me thy peace: Moſt gracious *Spirit*, give me thy comfort, that I may ſafely, peaceably and chearfully leave this vale of tears. *Father* poſſeſs me of the Kingdom which thou, O *Son*, hath purchaſed; and thou, O *Spirit*, haſt ſealed unto me. *Into thy hands, O Father, who breathedſt into me the ſpirit of life*: Into thy hands, O *Son*, who breathedſt out thy Spirit for me: Into thy hands, O *Holy Spirit, who renewedſt a right ſpirit within me*, and haſt comforted my ſpirit to the laſt gaſp; *I now commend my ſoul and body, and all that is within me, to bleſs thy holy Name, Amen.*

A Pray-

A Prayer at the hour of Death.

I am in miſery, and like to him that is at the point to die: from my youth up, thy terrours, O moſt mighty, have I ſuffered with a troubled mind.

O Moſt mighty and glorious Lord God, the Father of mercy, the Lord God of the ſpirits of all fleſh, who haſt made us, and haſt appointed us the time of our coming into this world, and having finiſhed our Courſe, to go out of the ſame: the number of my days which thou haſt determined, ſeem now expired, O Lord. Welcome bleſſed hour, the period of my pilgrimage, the term of my bondage, the end of my cares, the cloſe of my ſighs, the bound of my travels, the Goal of my Race, and the Haven of my Hopes. *I have fought a long fight* in much weakneſs; *I have finiſhed my courſe*, though in great faintneſs; and the Crown of my joy is, that through the ſtrength of thy grace, *I have kept the true faith*, and now I die in it. I willingly reſign my ſoul and body into thy hands. I will lay me down, and take my reſt: *And Lord, when I awake up, let me be ſatisfied with thy preſence*

ſence in thy glory. I deſpiſe the world, and I defie the Devil, who hath no part nor ſhare in me. *And now, what's my hope? My hope Lord Jeſus, is even in thee. For I know that thou my Redeemer liveſt, and thou wilt* immediately receive my ſoul, and raiſe up my body alſo *at the laſt day, and I ſhall ſee thee in my fleſh with theſe eyes, and no other. My heart fainteth, my ſtrength faileth*, my Tongue faltereth: Lord, let thy *Spirit of comfort* help mine infirmities, and *make ſupplication* for me, with ſighs *and groans that cannot be expreſſed.* I ſubmit my ſelf wholly to thy will: *I commit my ſoul to thee, as my faithfull Redeemer, who haſt bought it with thy moſt precious blood.* I profeſs to all the world, *I know no name under heaven, by which I may be ſaved* but thine, my *Jeſus*, my *Saviour:* tarry with me, O bleſſed *Jeſus!* untill the evening of my age, and when the night of death approacheth, I will not let thee go, till thou haſt bleſſed me: I renounce all confidence in any merits ſave thine: I thankfully acknowledge all thy bleſſings; I unfeignedly bewail all my ſins; I ſtedfaſtly believe all thy promiſes: I heartily forgive all mine enemies; I willingly leave all my friends; I utterly loath all my earthly comforts; I entirely long for thy coming. O

Lamb

Lamb of God which by thy blood haſt taken away the ſins of the world, have mercy upon me a ſinner; Lord Jeſus receive my Spirit, *Amen. When ſhall I come before thy preſence? In thy preſence is fulneſs of joy, and at thy right hand are pleaſures for evermore. Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly; Lord Jeſus receive my Spirit.*

Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? are not his days alſo like the days of an hireling? Job. 7. 1. *And though after my skin, worms deſtroy this body; yet in my fleſh ſhall I ſee God, whom I ſhall ſee for my ſelf; and my eyes ſhall behold, and not another, though my reins be conſumed within me,* Job. 19. 26, 27. *Call to remembrance, O Lord, thy tender mercies, and thy loving kindneſs, which hath been ever of old. Oh remember not the ſins and offences of my youth; but according to thy mercies think thou upon me, O Lord, for thy goodneſs ſake,* Pſal. 25. 26, 27. *But no man may deliver his brother, nor make agreement unto God for him. For it coſt more to redeem their ſouls; ſo that he muſt let that alone for ever. Yea, though he live long, and ſee not the grave. But God hath delivered my ſoul from the place of Hell; for he will receive me,* Pſal. 49. 7, 8, 9, 15. *My ſight faileth for very trouble; Lord, I have called daily upon thee; I have ſtretched*

ſtretched out my hands unto thee; doſt thou ſhew wonders among the dead? or ſhall the dead riſe up again, and praiſe thee? Shall thy loving kindneſs be ſhewed in the grave, or thy faithfulneſs in deſtruction? Pſal. 88. 9, 10, 11.

O Bleſſed Lord, who ſcourgeſt every ſon whom thou receiveſt, let me not be weary of thy correction; but give me ſuch a perfect ſubjection to thee the Father of Spirits, that this chaſtiſement may be for my profit, that I may thereby be partaker of thy holineſs.

Lord, the Waters are come in, even unto my Soul: O, let thy Spirit move upon theſe waters, and make them like the Pool of Bethesda, *that they may cure whatſoever ſpiritual diſeaſe thou diſcerneſt in me.*

I have fought a good fight, I have finiſhed my courſe, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a Crown of righteouſneſs, which the Lord ſhall give me at the laſt day.

Into thy hands I commend my Spirit, for thou haſt redeemed me, O Lord, thou God of Truth. Come, Lord Jeſus, come quickly; Amen.

A Thought

A Thought of Death.

WHEN on my sick Bed I languish,
Full of sorrow, full of anguish,
Fainting, gasping, trembling, crying,
Panting, groaning, speechless, dying,
My Soul just now about to take her flight
Into the Regions of eternal night;
Oh tell me you,
That have been long below,
What shall I do!
What shall I think, when cruel Death appears,
That may extenuate my fears!
Methinks I hear some Gentle Spirit say,
Be not fearfull, come away!
Think with thy self that now thou shalt be free,
And find thy long expected liberty,
Better thou mayest, but worse thou canst not be,
Than in this Vale of Tears, and Misery.
Like Cæsar, *with assurance then come on,*
And unamaz'd, attempt the Lawrel Crown,
That lyes on th' other side Death's Rubicon.

A Dooms-Day Thought.

JUdgment! *two syllables can make*
The haughtiest Son of Adam *shake,*
'Tis coming, and 'twill surely come
The dawning to that Day *of* Doom;
O th' morning blush of that dread day,
When Heav'n and Earth shall steal away,
Shall in their Pristine Chaos *hide,*
Rather than th' angry Judge abide:
'Tis not far off; methinks I see
Among the Stars some dimmer be; *Some*

Some tremble, as their Lamps did fear
A Neighbouring Extinguiſher.
The greater Luminaries fail,
Their Glories by Eclipſes vail,
Knowing e're long their borrow'd Light
Muſt ſink in th' Univerſal Night.
When I behold a Miſt ariſe,
Strait to the ſame aſtoniſh't Eyes,
Th' aſcending Clouds do s repreſent,
A Scene of th' ſmoaking Firmament.
Oft when I hear a bluſtering Wind
With a tempeſtuous murmur joyn'd,
I phancy, Nature in this blaſt,
Practices how to breath her Laſt,
Or ſighs for poor Man's miſery,
Or pants for fair Eternity.
Go to the dull Church-yard, and ſee
Thoſe Hillocks of Mortality.
Where proudeſt Man is only found
By a ſmall ſwelling in the Ground;
What Crouds of Carkaſſes are made
Slave to the Pickax and the Spade!
Dig but a foot, or two, to make
A Cold Bed, for thy dead Friends ſake,
'Tis odds but in that ſcantling room,
Thou robb'ſt another of his Tomb;
Or in the delving ſmit'ſt upon
A Shin-bone, or a Cranion.
When th' Priſon's full, what next can be
But the Grand Gaol Delivery?
The Great Aſſize, when the pale Clay
Shall gape, and render up its Prey;
When from the Dungeon of the Grave
The meager Throng themſelves ſhall heave,
Shake off their Linnen Chains, and gaze
With wonder, when the world ſhall blaze,

Then

Then climb the Mountains, ſcale the Rocks,
Force op'n the Deep's Eternal Locks,
Beſeech the Clifts to lend an Ear,
Obdurate they, and will not hear.
What? ne're a Cavern, ne're a Grot
To cover from the common Lot?
No quite forgotten Hold, to lye
Obſcur'd, and paſs the reck'ning by?
No——Ther's a quick all-piercing Eye
Can through the Earth's dark Center pry,
Search into th' bowels of the Sea,
And comprehend Eternity.

What ſhall we do then, when the voice
Of the ſhrill Trump *with ſtrong fierce noiſe*
Shall pierce our Ears, and ſummon all
To th' Univerſe wide Judgment-Hall?
What ſhall we do, we cannot hide,
Nor yet that ſcrutiny abide:
When enlarg'd Conſcience loudly ſpeaks,
And all our boſom-ſecrets breaks;
When flames ſurround, and greedy Hell
Gapes for a Booty, (who can dwell
With everlaſting Burnings!) *when*
Irrevocable words ſhall paſs on Men;
Poor naked Men, who ſometimes, thought
Theſe frights perhaps would come to nought!
What ſhall we do! we cannot run
For Refuge, or the ſtrict Judge ſhun.
'Tis too late then *to think what courſe to take,*
While we live here, *we muſt proviſion make.*

Both theſe incomparable Poems, by the truly ingenious Mr. *Thomas Flatman*; taken out of his *Vol.* in *Octavo.* Printed for *B. Tooke.*

Direction

Directions for to read often to the ſick theſe places of Scripture.

THE 3 firſt, the 7 and 14 Chapters of *Job.*
The 34 Chapter of *Deut.*
The two laſt Chapters of *Joſhua.*
The 17 Chapter of the firſt book of Kings.
The 38, and 40, and 65th. Chapters of *Iſaiah.*
The third Chapter of the *Lamentations* of *Jerem.*
The Hiſtory of the Paſſion of Chriſt.
The 8th. of the *Romans.*
The 15th. of the firſt Epiſtle to the *Corinthians.*
The 4th. of the firſt Epiſtle to the *Theſſalonians.*
The 5th. of the ſecond Epiſtle to the *Corinthians.*
The firſt and laſt Chapters of St. *James.*
The 11th. and 12th. of the *Hebrews.*
The firſt Epiſtle of St. *Peter.*
The three firſt, and three laſt Chapters of the *Revelations.*
Pſalms 25, 32, 38, 51, 130, 143.

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